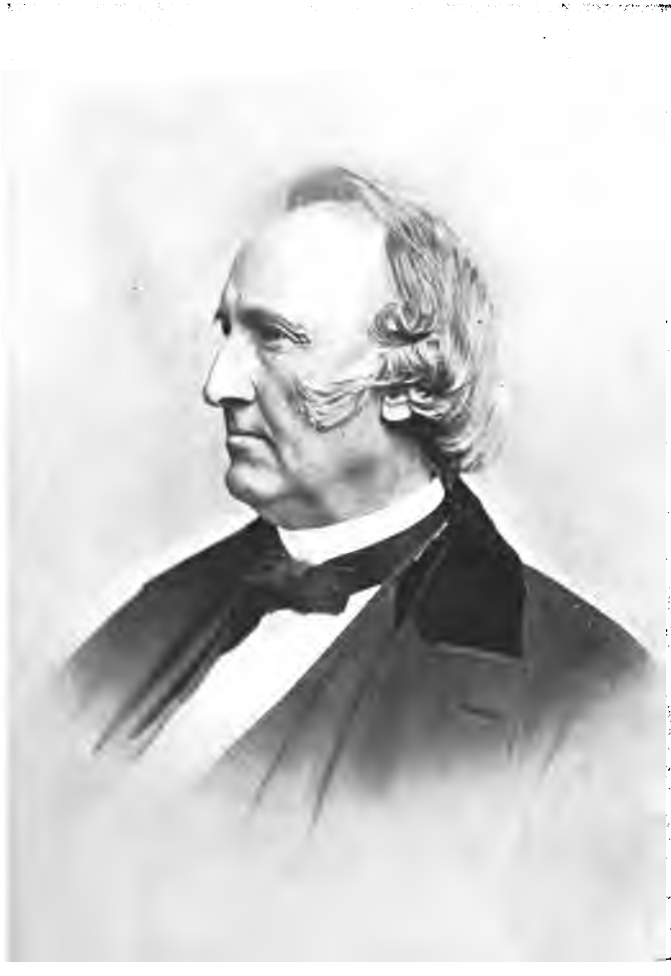
Compliments of The Author

AMERICAN CHIVALRY



WENDELL PHILLIPS
From a photograph by J. W. Black, about 1875

American Chivalry

BY

LILLIE BUFFUM CHACE WYMAN

Author of "Poverty Grass," "Interludes," Etc.

W. B. CLARKE CO.

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Thanks are hereby given heartily to Mrs. Albert P. Carter for assistance in preparing the chapter on Elizabeth Buffum Chace; and to Miss Anna Harvey Chace for a paragraph concerning John Crawford Wyman, also to Francis Jackson Garrison, Miss Sarah J. Eddy, Miss Alla W. Foster, Miss Anna Harvey Chace, Mr. A. B. Paine, Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, and Harper Brothers for some of the illustrations.

Press of
Hooper Printing Company
Boston

I dedicate this book
to my son

Arthur Crawford Wyman

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My Barrymore
friend &
witty correspondent
of N.Y. Journal.

Wish I could
say yes – But
I am mortgaged
to the neck F S

WENDELL PHILLIPS

It was early in the year of 1860; Mr. Phillips was driving with Mrs. Elizabeth B. Chace in Rhode Island. He said, "I did not mean to lecture much this season. I told my wife in the Fall that I would stay at home this winter and be a very good husband; but then came up this Harper's Ferry matter, and I had to break my promise and go out. However she encouraged me to do it."

He spoke of having been especially impressed by the fact that John Brown's men were willing to give up their young lives. That seemed a more remarkable sacrifice than did the old man's surrender of ebbing existence.

I was a child, too young to realize the serious nature of my question; I asked, "Did you know beforehand of John Brown's plans?"

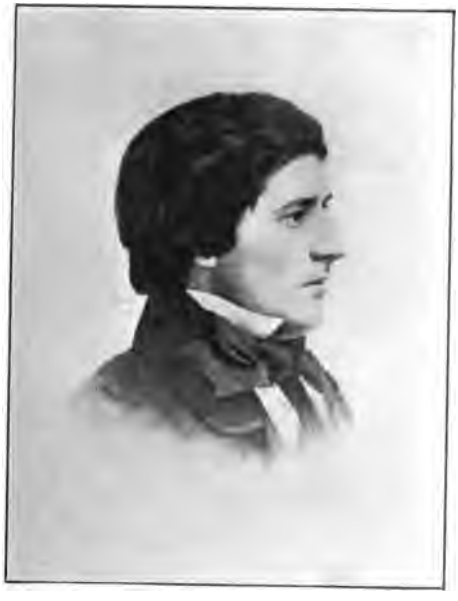
He answered quietly, yet slightly correcting his phrase as he spoke, "I knew there was such a man. I did not know he intended to attack Harper's Ferry; but I knew he was working in such ways. I had seen him. I knew he was down there in that vicinity doing something about slavery, I did not know exactly what."

It has been supposed even by persons intimately acquainted with the inner story of John Brown's work that Mr. Phillips knew less of it, before the denouement, than several other persons in the North; but not even Col. Higginson, Mr. Sanborn or Dr. Howe were aware of what Mr. Phillips admitted, on that evening in 1860, that he knew, before the outbreak, that John Brown was in the borderland between Maryland and Virginia.

* * * *

Late in 1861, I passed an evening with Mr. Phillips in Providence, where he had come to deliver his oration, "The Lost Arts," "They asked for that lecture," he said. "I am sure I can't imagine why they want it." He was always inclined to make fun of this lecture, and to wonder at the continued demand for it, declaring at about this time that he "had made a thousand dollars with it, since he had determined that he would never allow himself to be persuaded to give it again."

It is very likely however that the committee in Providence chose that oration in this season from a deliberate desire not to provide him with a chance to speak on the Times. His talk this evening showed that he was depressed about both the political and military situation. He thought Lincoln was blind to the significance of events, and he profoundly distrusted



FRANK B. SANBORN

Seward. "If we fail," he said, "we shall be under the harrow. I expect that, — but those poor contrabands!" He uttered the last words in a low tone, with an intense expression of sympathy and pity, and he clenched his hands as he spoke. This clenching of the hands was a characteristic gesture of his, when he was deeply moved. Pity was with him an indignant sort of passion, and when he felt it for persons whom he considered to be the victims of injustice, there was something terrific in the way he said little or nothing at all, but seemed to become a silent spirit of anguish for the sufferer and judgment upon the offender.

* * * *

During my school-girl period, he once advised me as to methods of self education, saying, "I have kept up my studies by myself. I have let my Greek go, but I have never failed to read a Latin Classic through each year since I left college. I know some German, — not much. The way to read French is to read it without mental translation into English." His general remarks implied that he had an easy mastery of the French language. At another time, he told me, with some amusement, of the way his class in college had evaded the study of Spanish, by beguiling their instructor, who was "an old European revolutionist," to talk

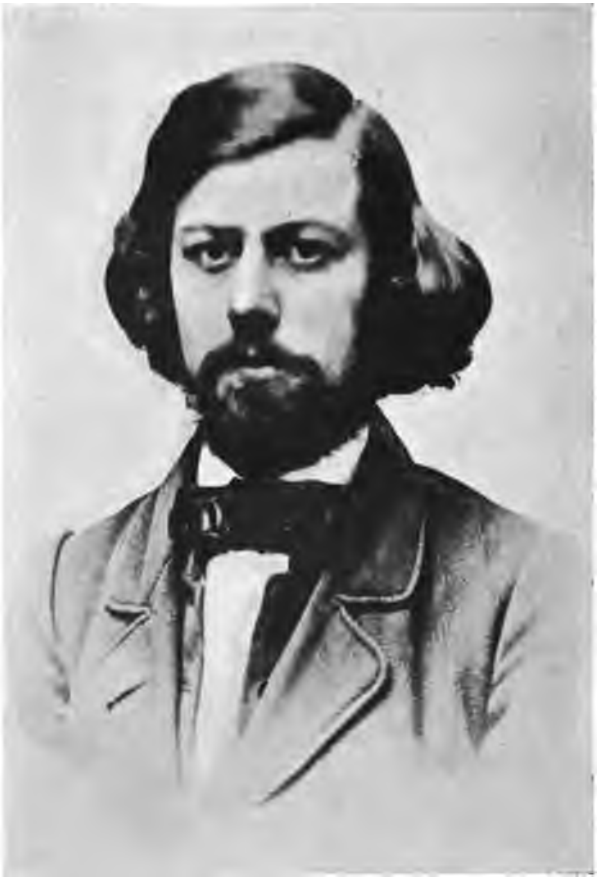
through the recitation hours about Revolutionary themes and experiences. "There was one whole term" he said, "in which we did not have a single real recitation. We did not learn a great deal of Spanish," he admitted.

It is interesting in view of the later life of this great moral revolutionist, to imagine the scenes in that Harvard class room, when in the first third of the nineteenth century, the Boston boy listened to the eager talk and strange stories of the old European of that period.

* * * *

All testimony as to Mr. Phillips's behavior in the presence of mobs shows him to have been possessed of superb physical courage, and endowed on such occasions with a fineness of manner which bore shining witness to the gentlemanly quality in his blood. One of my friends saw him face an infuriated New York mob. He stood on the platform, controlling their passions, as if the emotions of men were his playthings, alternately rousing his listeners to rage by some defiant utterance of opinions that they hated, and exciting them to laughter by his wit. Once some of the leaders rushed forward; cut a curtain rope and cried out that they would hang him. "Oh, wait a minute," said he quietly, "till I tell you this story."

On that May day of 1863, when the 54th



F. J. MERRIAM
One of John Brown's Men

Massachusetts Regiment made up of colored soldiers marched out of Boston under the leadership of Colonel Shaw, the remnant of one of the first regiments sent to the front many months before, came back to the city. I saw both processions, that of the homeward bound veterans, and that of the men who were to go forth and prove the quality of an untried race. I was with Mr. Garrison, his daughter, and a party of friends in Mr. Phillips' house, when the colored regiment swept through Essex Street. We waited its coming in a room which, so far as I ever knew the house, appeared to be at once the reception room and Mr. Phillips' study. It contained as its most prominent furniture a large table, covered with pamphlets and other papers, a big sofa, a bust of John Brown and another of one of the Bowditch family. Mr. Phillips was not present with us, but Mr. Garrison found him finally, and got permission to take the bust of John Brown out on the balcony. Miss Garrison steadied the pedestal, and the bust of the Harper's Ferry hero was placed on it, and her father stood beside the young girl as she held it firm while the regiment went by. Some of the officers lifted their hats to the great abolitionist, his daughter and to the symbol of a consecration like their own. Mr. Phillips, meanwhile, was in the room above with his wife, watching the soldiers.

I give the following extracts from a letter written in May, 1864, when I was a schoolgirl. They refer to a much perturbed convention of the New England Anti-slavery Society.

"The meeting opened, officers were chosen and committees appointed. Mr. Quincy, of course, was chairman. He seemed much as usual, most decidedly the right man in the right place, well versed in rules, impartial, dignified. Mr. Garrison sat on the platform, and near him, Phillips. Thompson was present, but excused himself from speaking because of ill-health. Nobody came forward to speak, though those wont to speak were there. Mr. Phillips looked serious, a trifle anxious, perhaps. A manifest reluctance to commence a discussion that must be stormy kept them silent. The hall rang with calls for 'Phillips, Phillips,' but with unmoved countenance that gentleman sat still. Mr. Garrison touched him with his umbrella, but made no impression. Still the call sounded. Mr. Garrison at last spoke to Phillips, who shook his head, and Mr. Garrison got up and said, the spirit did not move Mr. Phillips, and they must wait till it did. One or two short addresses followed before Mr. Foster opened the discussion of the Presidential campaign. The ice was broken and in they went! Mr. Phillips went into an inner room connected with the platform, or stood on

the end of it at some distance from the speakers Charles Burleigh spoke very finely. . . . . Then came more wild calls for Phillips, who looked more propitious than before, but stood still, perhaps to increase his value when he did come. Quincy got up to try and quiet the uproar. 'Mr. Phillips,' he said, 'would come if he chose to and wouldn't if he didn't.' A. says they all treat Mr. Phillips as if he were a baby, and it must be confessed he has his caprices. Rather rough handling for a 'baby' he got before that convention was through.

"At last Mr. Phillips began to move forward, but by his delay he had lost the chance. Mr. Wright had the floor. Mr. Phillips came on, till suddenly perceiving, he stepped aside with a gesture of apology. . . . Mr. Burleigh and Mr. Phillips, as I said, were standing side by side. In front and between them sat Mr. Garrison, and the three formed a triangle of remarkable faces in perfect repose, — Mr. Burleigh with his face so like the portraits of Christ, Mr. Phillips looking statue-like in the immobility of his Roman features, and between and below both, the purely American face of William Lloyd Garrison,"

The letter goes on to tell that during one session a man got up in the back of the hall and attacked Mr. Phillips in terms that seemed to imply that the orator had been criticising Lincoln "like a blackguard," and when a wild

uproar of disapproval greeted the insinuation, the man retracted so far as to say, "I grant Mr. Phillips that he is a gentleman," a retraction which caused much laughter, in which Mr. Phillips joined. The critic in the audience continued his remarks undaunted, and finally said, quoting from a speech that a young man had made in another meeting in Boston that same anniversary week, "If Wendell Phillips would do as Lincoln did, kneel down and ask counsel of God, he would change his opinions." After this speech was done, Samuel May of Leicester, Massachusetts, "came forward, saying he considered this remark 'a piece of inexpressible cant' — cheers and hisses — 'of inexpressible cant,' repeated Mr. May. 'What right had that man to drag Wendell Phillips praying or not praying before a Boston audience? It was the same thing as saying that Mr. Phillips had gone through all his work of thirty years without a God. Surely there was no man in the country who had shown more conclusively that God had been with him in his life than Wendell Phillips. Everybody knew that Mr. Phillips was orthodox, of the Old South Church orthodoxy. If he did not pray, who had been his teachers?' As mother and I," continues the letter, "were coming out [of the hall], we heard a man say, 'I know what kind of praying Wendell Phillips does. He sends food to the hungry and clothing to the

naked, — and I know it, for I've carried them for him.' "

Some romantic stories were told of Mr. Phillips' marriage in his early youth to Ann Greene. It was said that he fell in love with her at first sight and that she converted him to abolitionism, but apparently the seeds of his future opinions had been sown before he met this ardent girl Garrisonian, for he told a friend that he and Charles Sumner expected to be introduced to Ann at the same time, and that Sumner and he disputed as to which was the more likely to win her favor. "Charles," said Mr. Phillips, "claimed that he had the better chance because he had read the Liberator longer than I had, — but when the time came, I went and Charles didn't."

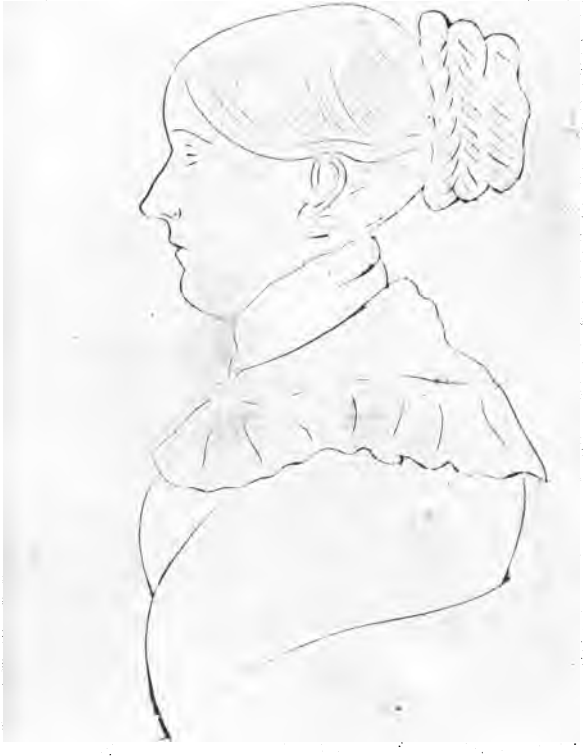
Mrs. Phillips' health failed before her marriage, and though she experienced a temporary recovery during the first years of their union, she led for from thirty to forty years what was practically a shut-in life. We younger folk of the anti-slavery clan used to hear her spoken of as if she were a sort of Egeria, away from all mortal eyes and ears, save those of her husband, whose thought and action she was said to inspire and guide. That strenuous natured woman, Abby Kelley Foster, was one of the few intimate friends who saw her more or less often. Mrs. Foster had an intense admiration for her. She considered her to be

gifted with an almost super-human faculty for sympathy and tenderness. "You never have to tell her anything," said Mrs. Foster, "she seems to know everything without being told."

Once when he and she must have been towards sixty years old, I asked Mr. Phillips what he really meant by his customary reply to inquirers that his wife was "about as usual." He meant, he said, that she was able to enjoy looking out of the window upon Essex Street, where she saw a good deal of the stir of life. This enjoyment of hers in watching the passing wagons and other vehicles was the reason they preferred to reside on that street after it had become a thoroughfare. Sometimes, he continued, she came down stairs to the floor below her bedroom and looked around the house, but she never stayed an hour outside of her own chamber, and never took a meal out of it. I have heard that he ate all of his meals with her at her bedside but he did not tell me so. "She was a very lively, high-spirited girl," he said, "when I first knew her. It is as if she had acquired some brightness and force in those days which has stayed by and borne her up through all these years."

Of course there was another part of the story, — a daily sacrifice by him of social gayety, of home comfort and personal freedom in little things.

I myself, saw Mrs. Phillips twice, the first time



Ann Phillips

during my school days. Mrs. Foster wanted me to see her, and arranged it with Mr. Phillips. "It's a sight," he said with tender humor, "to see Ann." She made much the same impression on my mind, both times I saw her, though there was an interval of fully fifteen years between the visits. She lay on a bed in a small room, but during the first visit she sat up and looked with frank eagerness over a box of flowers which was brought to her, and before I left, she got up on her feet for a few minutes. She was of medium size and had bright brown hair, very delicate features and the waxen complexion that betokens the indoor life of the invalid. She had a naive, girlish way of speaking. I fancied that her seclusion from society had left her manner unchanged through all her maturer years from what it had been in the gay days of early love and hope, when she and her brilliant lover had been together in the outer world. It struck me that she had lived in an atmosphere so free from criticism that she had never tried to modify herself. "We are one, you know," she said simply and sweetly, speaking of herself and her husband.

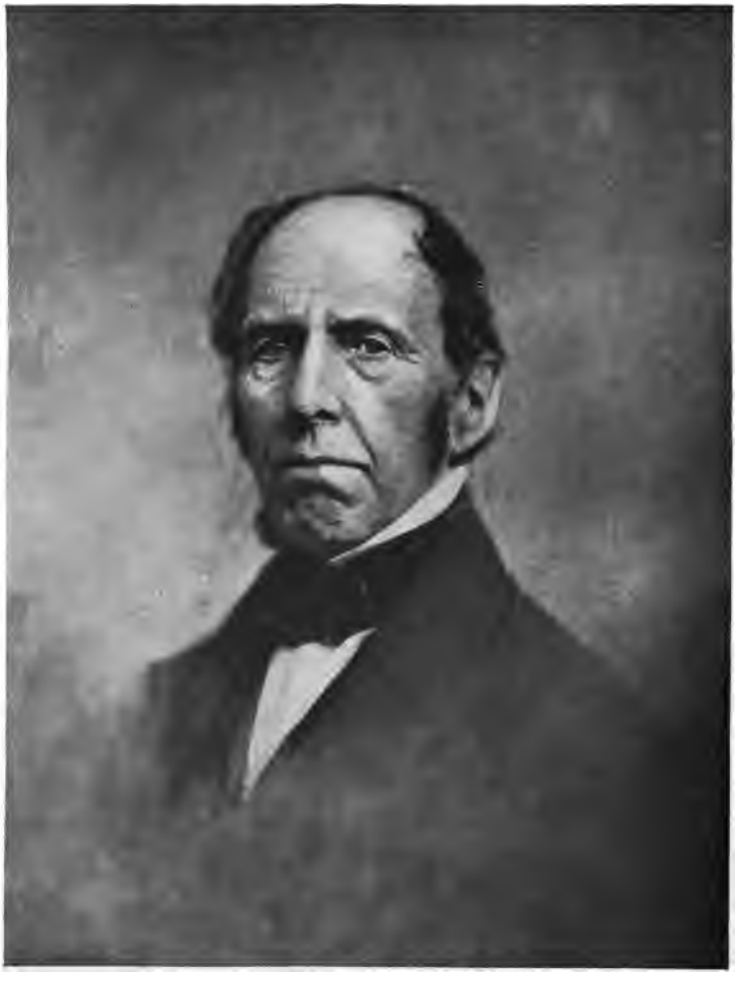
* * * *

Once during the winter of 1865-6, I accidentally met Mr. Phillips, on a railroad train. I was a school girl, and he treated me with playful kindliness, but as a child to whom he might

when he was tired of talking, say calmly, "Now I am going to read," and having said it, proceed to suit action to word, while I, feeling that my good time was over, submissively gazed out of the window. During this trip of an hour, however, he said several notable things to me and made some rather intimate revelation of his inner moods.

He spoke of the wedding which he had recently attended of Mr. Garrison's daughter Fanny to Henry Villard, "It was very pleasant," he said. "I saw Garrison in the hall, as I went in. I am very glad his life is ending so happily and so full of honor. He seems wholly at rest. I am very much impressed by his serenity every time I see him. It is as if he were living in an atmosphere of peacefulness."

During the early Reconstruction period much difference of opinion arose and continued to prevail between Mr. Phillips and several other prominent Abolitionists as to men and measures connected with the nation-building task. This difference affected their views of their own duty both as to conduct and the disposal of trust monies which were in their charge. Some personal bitterness and alienation followed as an inevitable result. Colonel Higginson told Miss Forten and myself that he once saw Edmund Quincy deliberately turn his back on Mr. Phillips in the Ticknor Building. "It seemed to me," commented



FRANCIS JACKSON

Col. Higginson, "the saddest thing I ever saw."

It must have been at about the time this incident occurred, that Mr. Phillips was a guest over night in Mrs. Chace's house. As he was preparing to ascend the staircase, he broke into sudden speech. Nothing whatever had been said to lead up to such a confidence, when he exclaimed, "Oh I don't think that there is much satisfaction to be gotten out of this life."

"Thee shouldn't feel so" said Mrs. Chace.

The tears came into his eyes, as he answered, "Half the men I worked with for thirty years will not speak to me when they meet me on the street."

"That is hard, I know," she half whispered.

He steadied himself and went on quietly, "I was talking the other day with my friend Mrs. Eddy, and I told her that I believed if her father (Francis Jackson) were living he would understand me now."

A strain of melancholy in Mr. Phillips became apparent to me during this general period, and although I saw him afterwards seem very cheerful, the impression that he was sorrowful in his later life remains with me still.

This effect, as of one who felt himself at odds with those who should have been his natural comrades, and who was reluctant to speak what emphasized such difference, was once strangely manifest when, at the Radical Club,

he defended the theory of the supernatural origin of Christianity. He wholly believed this theory, but it seemed to me that he very much disliked to take part in the discussion of it with men like John Weiss and Dr. Bartol who disagreed with him, although they then treated him with reverence. I may have misunderstood his nature, but from what I saw of him, I entirely dissent from a current opinion that Wendell Phillips enjoyed the antagonistic element in what he once called his "Arab life, his hand against every man, and every man's hand against his."

I believe that he was a man who loved to love and loved to be beloved.

* * * *

Mr. Phillips ran up gaily once on the Common, "Won't you stop and speak to anybody?" he cried.

The answer came, "We are going to Mrs. Sargent's to meet you."

"I am on my way to be met," he laughed, "well, we'll have the reception begin now, I find it pleasant to be met."

As we walked on, he spoke of Mrs. Livermore. I said, "She does something to an audience like what you do. Most orators either coax, excite or argue with an audience. She simply stands before it and takes it up quietly in her hands, turns it around as if it were a

plaything, and makes it behave as she wants it to, and she acts from the beginning as though she had not the least fear that she could not. You do that, only a great deal better than she does." "Ah!" he almost sighed, "I wish I thought I did it half as well as she."

Mrs. John T. Sargent gave that day a noon reception to celebrate the official close of his work as leader of the American Anti-Slavery Society through the Reconstruction period, in the struggle to obtain for the negro political equality with the white man.

Eight years later I told him that it had been noticed at Brown University that in competitive declamation, any student was certain to win the prize who chose for recitation a passage from one of his speeches. "The professors say," I added, "that there seems to be something about your speeches which gives advantage to the reciter. They do not know what it is; do you?"

He answered, "It is because mine are speaking sentences. They were composed to be spoken."

* * * *

After an absence of twelve years, Moncure D. Conway came back to this country in 1875-6. A few evenings after his arrival in Boston, I, having had much previous acquaintance with him, chanced to meet him at a reception,

and the meeting had a significance for the full comprehension of which a little history must be told.

Mr. Conway went to England in the spring of 1863. He was unofficially sent there by some of the Radical Anti-Slavery men in this country, because it was believed that his testimony to the rightfulness of the Northern cause in the Civil War, would have great influence in England on account of his being himself a Virginian. He went intending to stay about three months. Mason, the rebel envoy, was then in London. There was reason to fear that Parliament would soon recognize the Southern Confederacy. The pro-slavery party in England were rallying their forces to bring about such recognition, but probably most of them desired to mask their sympathy with slave-holders as such, and much effort was making to disguise the real purport of the war to the English masses. It was comparatively easy to represent the war as merely a conflict between two slave-holding bodies, since Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward had, in 1861, so represented it to the English ministry; and Lincoln's later Emancipation Proclamation had been long delayed; and had as yet procured no emancipation within the rebel lines, while it left slavery untouched in several technically loyal States. At the time when Mr. Conway arrived in

London, some opinion prevailed that the South itself, if victorious and really nationalized, was quite as likely to abolish slavery, as the North was. Desiring to "unmask" Mason on this subject, and make him show his true colors, Mr. Conway hastily wrote a letter to him, and sent it on the very day that the idea of doing so had occurred to him in consequence of a talk with Robert Browning, who had said that he thought great good would come if the English people could be shown clearly that the South had no Anti-slavery purpose and that the North was not waging a war merely for conquest.

The letter, so hurriedly conceived and prepared by Mr. Conway, contained what was morally simply a verbal error in phrase. He asked Mason to say whether the Southern Confederacy would, through the adjudication of some properly chosen European nation, pledge itself to abolish slavery, if it became a recognized nation, and he said that he was in England as a representative of the Abolitionists who would oppose the continuance of the war, if the South would thus inaugurate emancipation.

Within twenty-four hours, Mr. Conway realized that he had over-stated his authority to say what "the Abolitionists" would do if, the slavery issue being removed by Southern abolition, the war became merely

one for Union on the one side and disunion on the other. He wrote to Mr. Mason that he had made the proposition simply in his own person. Mr. Mason wrote to him a letter which practically declared that the South would *not* abolish slavery, and then immediately published his letter and Mr. Conway's first one. He undoubtedly did this hoping thus to embroil Mr. Conway with the Abolitionists and the Abolitionists with the Federal Government. But Mason was "hoist with his own petard," for his own letter revealed the pro-slavery purpose of the rebels who had sent him to England, and helped to dispel the delusion as to the true character of the Southern Duessa whom Englishmen had been trying to fancy was Una. Not long afterwards Parliament refused to recognize the Southern Confederacy.

Mr. Conway however was left in an unfortunate position. He had not realized that in writing to Mason, a fellow-Virginian with himself, and making such a proposition, he was technically opening a treasonable negotiation with an accredited rebel against his own country. The matter was taken up by our Minister in England, referred to Mr. Seward in this country, and brought to Lincoln's attention. Mr. Conway held himself in readiness to return to America and meet the consequences, but Mr. Lincoln and

Mr. Seward behaved sensibly, and decided that there need be no consequences, if nothing further happened. Mr. Conway then took a position as preacher and remained in England.

In this country there was some diversity of opinion as to Mr. Conway's conduct. The first account of his correspondence with Mason came cut and garbled across the ocean, and his error seemed greater than it really was, in having made the unauthorized statement that he was empowered by the Abolitionists to say that they would not countenance a war merely for the Union. Some persons even thought that his offer was a disguised effort to get the Confederacy recognized with slavery established and confirmed. Conway had helped to free forty of his father's slaves before Lincoln's proclamation had freed them, but still, it was not strange that in that period of 1863, his own anti-slavery principle was doubted for a time. Moreover, had his letter been taken quite seriously by the Federal authorities, I suppose that Secretary Stanton might have sent Mr. Garrison or Mr. Phillips to Fort Lafayette on the evidence which it furnished, that they were negotiating through Conway with the rebels.

I had not known or had forgotten the exact attitude which each one of the prominent Abolitionists concerned had taken in 1863 towards

Mr. Conway, and on this evening in Boston, I stood with him in a large, nearly empty parlor facing the door. I asked him a few questions and his answers made me know that he had been in the city three or four days, and had received no social overtures, except the invitation to this reception, and I became also very sure that he had not been sought out personally for welcome by any of those persons whose attention and welcome would mean some vital interest in his return home.

At the moment I had come to this conclusion, I saw a figure in the outer hall, which was as crowded as the room where we stood was empty.

"There is Mr. Phillips," I said, "Have you seen him?"

"Not till now," answered Mr. Conway in a low tone; — and the man of whom he spoke was renowned for never condoning a sin against freedom! As I have said I had forgotten Mr. Phillips' attitude in that long past wartime, and Mr. Conway's answer filled me with instant apprehension that embodied judgment and doom were approaching us.

I ventured another question, "Have you heard from him?"

"No," said Mr. Conway.

"You know him?" I asked.

Almost in a whisper he answered, "Oh, I knew him — long ago."

At this moment, Mr. Phillips freed himself from the throng, came into the room, and seemed to bring with him "the splendor that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome," there being something even more than usually magnificent in the appearance of the red-haired, blue-eyed old Patrician as he entered.

Mr. Conway stood motionless and without a gleam of recognition in his glance. I think I stepped forward a little, but certainly Mr. Phillips turned his eyes from Conway, the instant he crossed the threshold, and came directly towards me. He took my hand, bowing with a decided gesture of courtesy, saying, "So you are here!"

"Mr Phillips," I said immediately, "This is Mr. Conway! — This is Moncure Conway."

Mr. Conway made no movement which acknowledged the mention of his name. Mr. Phillips did not look at him, but with a peculiar directness of address to myself, said,

"Oh, I don't need any introduction to *him*. I know Mr. Conway. He's the man to whom F———'s guards all lowered their weapons when he marched up to them saying '*I* am a Virginian.' "

Mr. Phillips spoke the last words with dramatic exaggeration of emphasis, wheeling around as he did so to face Mr. Conway, who

suddenly sprang forward with a glad leap. He caught Mr. Phillips' hand. He laughed, he stammered out exclamations; — Mr. Phillips threw back his head, and his laughter which was like a musical cascade, flooded through the room. The two men stood clasping hands for a perceptible time.

"That was about the funniest thing I ever saw," cried Mr. Conway.

"It was about the cleverest thing I ever saw," responded Mr. Phillips and they stood laughing and ejaculating, till I cried a little petulantly, "But *I* don't know what you men are talking about"!

Mr. Conway relapsed into complete silence. It was not for him to tell of the moment when he had done something Mr. Phillips could not do, and the latter perceiving instantly his chance to do the thing he most loved to, namely to celebrate a friend's achievement, bent his smile on me, and explained;

"The trial of Anthony Burns was held behind closed doors. It was done to keep the Abolitionists out. So that morning we anti-slavery fellows all stood around outside the Court House, just wild to know what was going on, and not one of us had a pass and could get in. Conway went to the sentinels themselves who stood at the door. He did not state his opinion, he merely said, 'I'm a Vir-

ginian, will you let me in?' They supposed, of course, that he was on the slave claimant's side. They knew the reason for the prohibition. They took the responsibility on themselves and let him in. Then he made report to us of what was happening."

Of course, I know now that Mr. Phillips had come into that room to greet Mr. Conway, and had only taken me incidentally on the way, because I was the girl in the scene, and possibly also to relieve a momentary embarrassment of his own; but my introducing the two men as though they were strangers, in order to force a friendly greeting from Mr. Phillips, must have been an action for which he had not prepared himself, and it still seems to me, that his sudden grasp of the situation and his immediate reference to the old Fugitive Slave time, when he and Mr. Conway had stood shoulder to shoulder, years before the Mason imbroglio, was the most tactful and most masterful social thing which I ever saw done. I know, however, that I have not here told the story well enough to do justice to either of the two men.

* * * *

Nearly twenty years after the fugitive slave Sims and the rights of the Commonwealth had both been tried and both been condemned to bondage within its walls, I

met Mr. Phillips opposite the Boston Court House. Clad in gray, he stood, in his haughty beauty, upon the gray stones of that Boston pavement, "over which" his "mother had held up" his "baby footsteps," and he flung out his arm with a mighty movement, saying, "That is where I saw the chains stretched around the Court House!"

The memory of these words and of the emotion they displayed rendered it impossible for my husband and myself, as Wendell Phillips' friends, to accept the offered courtesies of Gen. Devens who had drawn those chains.

* * * *

It must have been about the year 1876 that I happened to be alone with Mr. Phillips. I said without preface, "Mr. Phillips, how the papers have been pitching into you, lately! You are not very popular just now."

He answered good-humoredly, but with emphasis, "No, I am not in the least popular."

"Why are you so intimate with Butler?" I inquired.

"Well," he said, "There is an old saying that you must fight fire with fire; and sometimes, when you are struggling with very savage forces, the best man you can use for the purpose is one whose original nature is a little like that of the enemy. Butler is that man today in this country. He is just the one

to fight those fellows on the other side, and this Reconstruction trouble is not ended. It is coming up all the time, and showing itself in the most unexpected places. He is doing work about it — all the time. Yes, that is why I am intimate with him. That is what the intimacy really is. That is under it all. Oh, I know what kind of a man he is! I am not at all deceived in him."

* * * *

Mr. Phillips called on Mrs. Chace and myself in New York, in the early winter of 1878-9. He was on his way home from a lecturing trip. He appeared depressed, and there were silent moments during his visit. When he was going away, we followed him into the hall. He turned back towards us at the head of the staircase, and said in an appealing tone, which tried not quite successfully to be playful:

"You must make much of me while you have the chance, — you will not have me long."

"Thee is getting to be an old man now," said Mrs. Chace, "Ought thee to be going around lecturing?"

"No," he answered," I am not well enough to lecture and I ought not to have it to do."

"Does thee have to?" she asked. The words seemed to burst from his lips, "Yes," he said desperately, adding very passionately, "And it is not right that I should."

An instant of awed silence ensued, then he spoke a hasty farewell, as if to prevent further speech on the subject, and descended the stairs.

After his death five years later I first learned that he was really a poor man working from money need, and that at the time of this visit he knew himself to be stricken by a mortal malady.

A little more than a year after this New York call he came to see Mrs. Chace and myself in Boston. It was a morning visit, he was very scrupulously well dressed; he sat easily in a large chair; he seemed like a society man making a slightly formal call on mere acquaintances between whom and himself there were no such past experiences as those which had once made him write to Mrs. Chace, "We have had so many joys and sorrows in common that now what saddens or rejoices the one of us must touch the other."

He led the conversation, which, indeed, became under his mastery, very nearly a monologue, although, so far as I knew his talk, monologue was not his usual method.

Very soon some inner passion rushed outward in his speech. "We have a strange fate here," he said, and proceeded rapidly to tell how five or six of his kinsmen had died in an instant.

"My father sat down in his chair, — and was gone." Several such incidents, he related,

throwing them forth from his lips, like bitter challenges to the Universe itself.

At last Mrs. Chace, who also believed herself smitten with mortal illness and dreaded a long suffering, spoke in a gentle tone, saying, "I think it is a beautiful way to die."

Something in her words or manner affected this mercurial natured man. He became soft and humanly resigned to fate. He said only, "Yes, I think so," to her declaration that sudden death was comforting to expect, but his words and manner had wholly lost the maddened element which a moment previously had been their marked characteristic.

A year later, he was with us again for a morning hour. He talked happily and quietly, once in a while touching gravely on some serious topic, but briefly, as though he preferred a strain of comment on lighter matters.

"I don't do anything now," he said, but not sadly, "I don't go anywhere. I have been into my cousin's house a few times, but I have not done anything that was regularly social, I have not made a visit since I called here last year."

"Did you ever have a loan repaid?" he asked. "I don't mean a large loan, or one of a business nature. I mean the small sum of money that you lend to help a person out of some special difficulty. I have made many such loans, and I was never repaid, — Oh

yes, I was once. That was a funny case. A friend asked me if I could lend him some money, I said, 'Oh yes,' and gave it to him. But having got it he did not go off, and he looked very much troubled. He said, 'Mr. Phillips, I can't give you a note.' He was a financial crank, and that was his notion—that it was wrong to give notes. He said, 'I hope you don't mind.' I said 'No, indeed.' He said, 'I shall pay you just the same. It won't make any difference, my not giving you a note. I hope you don't mind it?' I said, 'I don't mind at all not having a note. I'm sure it won't make any difference about your paying me.' I didn't think it would," laughed Mr. Phillips, telling the story. "I hadn't an idea he would ever pay. So, at last, I got him comforted, and he went away with the dollars. And that man paid that debt. It was my only case."

"I have had two such debts paid me," said some one.

"Then you have been twice as fortunate as I," answered the man who before his death cancelled every such note he held.

"Doubtless," he said this morning, "An enlightened and conscientious oligarchy would provide the government that would produce the best result of immediate order, — if you could be sure of your oligarchy. But that's

the impossible thing. You cannot get and keep such an oligarchy."

In the June after this talk, Wendell Phillips spoke his Phi Beta Kappa oration, made his last great plea for universal suffrage and said, "Trust the people — the wise and the ignorant, the good and the bad — with the gravest questions, and in the end you educate the race."

* * * *

Shortly after both Mr. and Mrs. Phillips died it was my fortune to hear Frederick Douglass and Susan B. Anthony talk together of the dead orator. The voice of Douglass came brokenly from his expressive mouth, as he spoke of the time when Wendell Phillips had walked a steamboat deck with him all night, refusing to go below and take a berth, because such accommodation was denied to Douglass on account of his color. It was thrilling to hear the old man, then honored and accepted, in spite of that color, tell of that companionship in hardship, when he was young and despised, and his comrade was beautiful in self-sacrificing youth. "That's the sort of thing a man never forgets," he murmured.

Miss Anthony's reminiscence on this occasion gave a different picture from that suggested by Douglass, but the man of whom she

told was the same in old age as Douglass had shown him to be in his splendid youth, — one who sought to bear another's burden. She said that she had a talk with Mr. Phillips some time within the last two or three years of his life. He said to Miss Anthony, "I remember seeing my grandfather look out of the window at my grandmother's funeral, and hearing him say, 'I thank God I have lived to see her go first!' I did not understand his feeling then, but I know now what it was. I have lived to have every hope and desire merge itself and be lost in the one wish that I may outlive Ann."

That wish was not granted. He died and left his wife to the chances of care from others. This was given, however, by friends and relatives, and the household upon which her comfort depended was maintained until her death, about two years after his.

One of the pretty stories told of Mr. Phillips is that he found pleasure in stealing up to children whom he saw gazing with wistful hopelessness into shop windows, and slipping money into their hands. "I think," said the person who related this, "if they see his face as he passes, they must think it is that of an angel."

* * * *

I saw him about eight months before the February day when he murmured that he was

sorry to trouble any one to lift and care for him and sorry, so sorry for "poor Ann."

In this hour with me, he was very sweet, easily soothed yet deeply troubled.

"I have a poor old friend," he said, "a crippled soldier. He cannot do many kinds of work. He has had a little governmental office. Now the Civil Service Rules have been applied to such positions as his. He has lost the place. I don't know what will become of him. I am anxious about him.

"It does not seem to me that things are managed quite rightly for us down here. I have been very much depressed."

I suddenly perceived that he was expressing doubt of the Divine government of the world.

"Oh, Mr. Phillips," I begged, "Don't let that mood be the end of your life. Don't feel that way."

"Well, I have felt so," he answered as simply as a little child.

He smiled at last, such a smile as I have seldom seen, so radiant was it with angelic glory, so lovely was it in its humanity. I never saw his living countenance again.

* * * *

After this last meeting came these letters.

"16th Aug.

My dear Mrs. Wyman:

Don't think I forgot you or could neglect

your wish or your letter. But my wife has been so ill for the last three months that I have done nothing but help nurse her. She is helpless; does not lift her head from the pillow without aid, cannot stand. We took her in arms to the carriage to drive out here to Waverly. But you shall not be forgotten. Something from the home of forty years and the picture Black insisted on taking, I will see you have in due time.

Do excuse this long delay and silence . . . .

Faithfully yours,

WENDELL PHILLIPS."

"*My dear Mrs. Wyman:*

Did I not promise and is not Xmas with its merrie greeting just the time to keep promises? If I promised anything more, please remind me, by which means I shall have the pleasure of seeing your sign manual.

My poor wife lies patient in weary helplessness, and my employment and pleasure is waiting on her.

All loving messages of the season for mother, John, and *the* baby.

Thine,

WENDELL PHILLIPS."

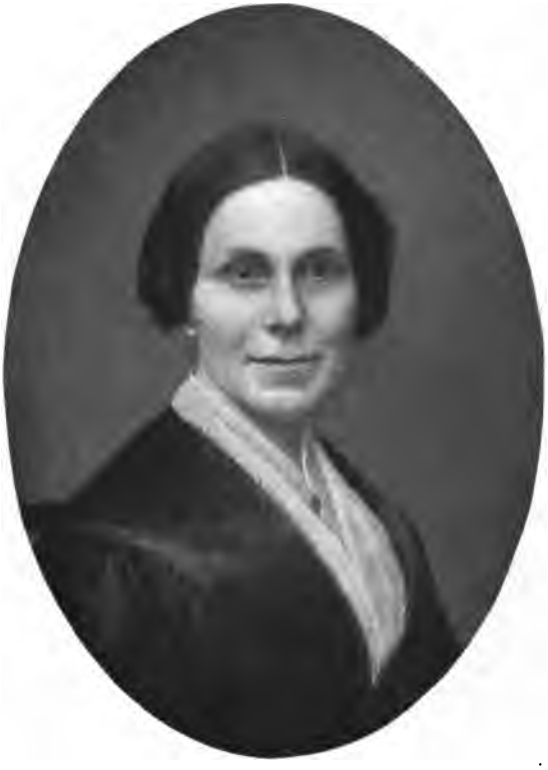
* * * *

He was the prophetic champion of moral duty. He not only fulfilled the ideal of

Lowell's verse, and sided with Truth when to do so was to share "her wretched crust," he turned from the feasts that both Ambition and Possession spread freely before his youth. He did more; in middle life and again in age, he went out from the harvest fields whose growth of fruitage had arisen from his sowing to yield to him their plenty. He sought Truth in the desert where she had not even a crust to offer him. He laid at her feet the sheaves of his planting and reaping, and he went a-hungered at her side, contented himself, because he had strengthened her for her onward march. Then he laid down his weary head, and the heart which he had broken in the service of humanity ceased its pained throbbing.

What was it that he had said in his mighty recessional chant? I reverently borrow his phrase, but I, also with deepest reverence, substitute his own name for the one which his lips uttered and say, "Wendell Phillips, in my judgment the noblest human being who ever walked the streets of yonder city, — I do not forget Franklin or Sam Adams, Washington or Fayette, Garrison or John Brown, — but Phillips dwells an arrow's flight above them all, and his touch consecrated the continent to measureless toleration of opinion and entire equality of rights. We are told we can find in Plato 'all the intellectual life of Europe for two thousand years:' so you can find in Phillips

the pure gold of two hundred and fifty years of American civilization, with no particle of its dross."



Elizabeth B. Chace.

ELIZABETH BUFFUM CHACE

Elizabeth Buffum Chace was descended from English families who settled in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, all, so far as known, before 1650, and some before 1640.

She herself was always a very intense Rhode Islander in feeling. Her father was Arnold Buffum, son of William Buffum who was an early abolitionist of the gradual emancipation type, the only type existent in that day. Arnold Buffum himself became, in 1832, the first President of the first society ever formed in this country to demand immediate emancipation.

His wife was Rebecca Gould, daughter of John Gould, of Newport, R. I., a scholarly man, who was proprietor of an estate which had been in the possession of the Gould family since 1638.

Elizabeth was the second daughter of Arnold and Rebecca Buffum, and was born in Providence, Dec. 9, 1806. She was educated at the ordinary schools in Smithfield, R. I., and in Connecticut and at the Friends' School in Providence. When she was seventeen or eighteen years old, the family moved to Fall

River, where she, at the age of twenty-one, married Samuel Buffington Chace, son of Oliver and Susan Chace.

She early became interested in the movement for the abolition of slavery, and, under her father's influence, she and her husband each adopted the principle of Garrison, that slavery should be immediately, not gradually, abolished. Mr. and Mrs. Chace also each repudiated the colonization scheme.

During the years between 1832 and 1840, there was a female anti-slavery society in Fall River in which Mrs. Chace was very active, serving for a while as President. The society was of course small, and a number of the meetings were held in her house, her husband being in full sympathy with all her efforts. She advocated the circulation of petitions and did much minor work of a nature that was almost domestic; sewing for anti-slavery fairs, and keeping a small library of anti-slavery books for distribution.

It is evident from the records of this society that none of this work involved her in anything like public speaking or presiding in a public hall over a mixed assembly of men and women.

During this period she was the mother of five children who all died before 1843. She afterwards became the mother of five more children, who lived to the period of early

adolescence, but only three of them survived her.

Mr. and Mrs. Chace moved to her native state of Rhode Island in 1840, and from that year until 1865, her anti-slavery work was obscure, but very important.

She was the more or less formally recognized agent for getting up Anti-Slavery meetings all over the state, outside of Providence and Newport, and correspondence, still in existence, with the Boston Anti-Slavery office shows that she was the important person in arranging long courses of Sunday Anti- Slavery lectures in Providence. This correspondence also shows that she was consulted about a large part of the work to be done or attempted in Rhode Island. Of course she had much local assistance in the state but the letters from Boston indicate that her opinion and her advice were practically final in the central councils of the Garrisonian leaders. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of Mrs. Chace's unknown work in behalf of the anti-slavery movement, and the co-operation of her husband in it all.

She came to the Woman Suffrage movement trained by this long schooling and labor in anti-slavery propaganda.

In all consideration of her life work, it must be noted that she was a Quaker, not only by training but by nature. She severed her con-

nection with the Quaker body in 1843, because she felt that the Quakers were not true to their original principles, especially in their treatment of the anti-slavery cause. She did not leave them because she felt herself no longer a Quaker. She felt herself more true to the principles of Quakerism than they. She passed through various phases of intellectual belief as to theological doctrine, but the doctrine of the "Inner Light" was the only philosophical theory which she considered essential to Quakerism. This doctrine she held all her life.

Although while slavery existed, her main energies were all directed to its overthrow, her name appeared in the Call for the Woman's Rights Convention, held in Worcester in October, 1850. This convention was gotten up and presided over by Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis who was a very intimate friend of Mrs. Chace's. It is a significant fact as to the nature of their intimacy that Mrs. Davis, when preparing the call for this Convention, being in too much of a hurry to communicate first with Mrs. Chace, put her friend's name upon the Call, and afterwards informed her of it, being sure that Mrs. Chace would endorse her action. Her name is also on the list of members present at that Convention.

During the early war time, an Association was formed by former students of the Provi-

dence Friends School, which Mrs. Chace had attended in her girlhood. She accepted with great pleasure the invitation to go to the second meeting of this Association and joined it, glad to renew the social ties with her Quaker friends which had been broken by her withdrawal from the Society. But she noticed that the women members were not given any official position in the Association. In her own account of the affair, she says that she protested only privately against this exclusion of women, because she was entirely unfitted by nature to make public speech on any subject. The exclusion continued for one or two years and she resigned from the Association, saying that she was unalterably attached to the principles of the Society of Friends, and she deemed such ignoring of the women to be against those principles. But she tried, not quite successfully, to withdraw from the Association in a manner which would attract no attention because, she said, she had so often been obliged to take an unpopular position that it had become extremely painful to her.

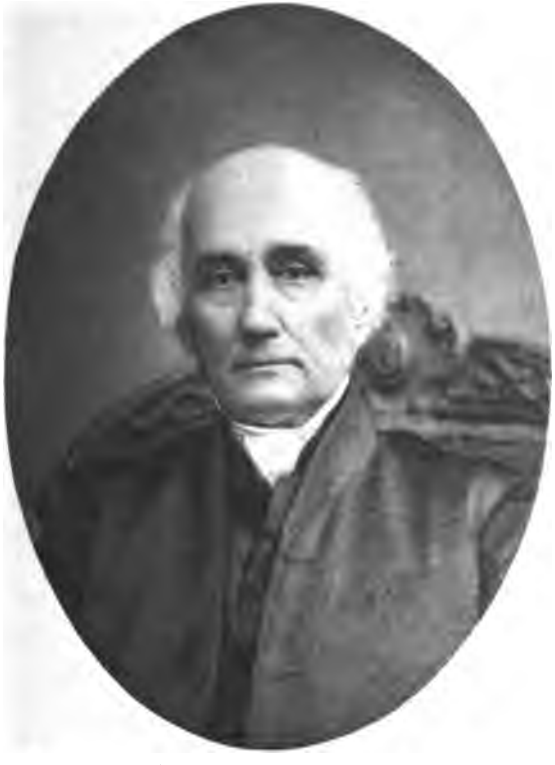
She evidently felt very keenly this new separation from her old friends. She had once and apparently only once, spoken a half a hundred words, at a Friends' Meeting long before, on behalf of the slave, and her record of it shows that it cost her a great deal of personal pain to do that. She had absolute moral

courage, but great social timidity, and extreme personal shyness. And yet this was the woman, who, under a sense of duty, took up the Woman's Rights cause, in its most unpopular period and carried on its work till the end of her life.

On the 23d day of October, 1868, there assembled in Boston a gathering composed largely of old abolitionists, who organized the New England Woman Suffrage Association. Mrs. Chace and Mrs. Paulina W. Davis were among the number. They returned home determined to form a State Society. They went together from house to house in Rhode Island; they wrote letters soliciting influence and signatures to a call which they prepared for a convention. Mrs. Chace, herself, invited her old abolitionist friends, Stephen and Abby Kelley Foster.

The convention met on December 11th in Roger Williams Hall and Mrs. Chace presided. The Rhode Island Woman Suffrage Association was formed. Mrs. Paulina W. Davis was elected president and Mrs. Chace was placed on the Executive Committee.

Mr. Chace's health failed seriously that autumn, and the last time he ever went to Providence was on the day of this Convention. He went into the hall, sat down on a side seat, and watched his wife who then, for the first time, occupied a prominent position on a public



Samuel B Chace

platform. Himself never a public worker in any way, it was evident that he wished to give to her work the endorsement of his presence.

During the next two years, various issues divided the Woman Suffragists throughout the country. The National Woman Suffrage Association had been in existence since early in the 1850 decade, and by this time its chief leaders were Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony. The marriage and divorce question was introduced by Mrs. Stanton into a Woman's Rights meeting in New York in 1860. Mr. Phillips opposed its introduction on the theory that the topic was irrelevant to the proper objects of a "woman's" movement. He said that marriage concerned men as vitally as it did women. The Stantonites argued, in opposition, that the nature of life made the marriage institution affect women more essentially than men.

It would be entirely unfair to charge many of the persons who favored the discussion of marriage questions in Woman's Rights meetings, with holding objectionable moral opinions, but the question of whether it was proper to admit such discussion was then very serious among the different advocates of Woman's Rights. There were in both parties some honest differences of opinion as to the laws which should regulate marriage, and of course there were some foolish and immoral

ideas held here and there in the rank and file of the Woman Suffrage workers.

Mrs. Chace came gradually to feel that the discussion of the marriage question in Woman's Rights meetings would lead to the expression of obnoxious as well as irrelevant opinion.

Another cause of difference among the Suffragists was the question whether they should support or oppose the passage of the 15th Amendment to the United States Constitution, which was not fully ratified until the Spring of 1870. Opposition was based on the theory that its passage would retard the granting of suffrage to women and also that it was a new affront to American white women to enfranchise the negro first. Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Davis were leaders in this opposition. It was painful to Mrs. Chace to be brought into a difference with her old friend Mrs. Davis. But she was faithful to her lifelong belief that it was her duty to seek the elevation as well as the freedom of the negro.

The consequence of all these differences was the formation of the American Woman Suffrage Association to which, largely as a result of Mrs. Chace's decision, the Rhode Island society became auxiliary. Mrs. Chace was made President of the Rhode Island Society in 1870, and she held that position until her death in 1899.

Her work in the Society was untiring, and

she deemed no effort too trifling. During the first years the conventions were large and she rejoiced. In later years, when the meetings became smaller, she thought it all the more important that they should be held, and she worked all the harder to get them up.

When it seemed possible that petitions would affect the action of the legislature, she favored presenting them. When it seemed that they would have no effect, she favored circulating them as a means of propaganda among the people.

She did an amount of work in the way of writing letters and newspaper articles, which would have been astonishing in an unprofessional woman of any age. In one of her age it was almost miraculous.

She held the office of President of the American Woman Suffrage Association in 1882, and was always an officer in that society, either as a Vice-President for Rhode Island or as a member of the Executive Committee.

In July, 1882, she wrote the remarkable letter of which parts are here given:

Mrs. Chace to Governor A. H. Littlefield.

"July 24 — The Annual Meeting of the Rhode Island Woman Suffrage Association is to be held early in October, with some of the best speakers in the country on its platform. This Association will at that time, have existed fourteen years, and it has, throughout,

sustained a character and exerted an influence, such as, in the future, the people of the State will learn to appreciate and be proud of.

"Some of the women among its members, have served the state in the few ways which are open to women. Many of them contribute financially to the support of its institutions, and all of them are deeply interested in its welfare.

"For myself, I may be permitted to say that both my paternal and maternal ancestors have been land holders in Rhode Island since the days of its earliest colonial life; — one of them having been the first President of the Aquidneck Colony; — and, through all their succeeding generations they have contributed to the prosperity of the State, by their active participation in its agricultural and manufacturing industries.

"More than this; most of those of the early time, came as exiles for conscience's sake to Rhode Island, and aided largely in the establishment of that 'Soul liberty' for which our State organization has been so justly distinguished.

"In my own person, I have obeyed the laws, never refusing or in any way evading the payment of the taxes imposed upon me by the State.

"Now, I have a small favor to ask of the State of Rhode Island, and I appeal first to

you, because at this time you are its highest representative, and I want to enlist your approval to the granting of my request.

"I am very desirous that this Annual Convention should be held in the Hall of our House of Representatives; and as soon as I can learn to what body of persons a request of this kind should be submitted, I intend to make such application. Both political parties hold their annual conventions there; and it seems to me remarkably fitting that the women of the state should have some representation in the house they have helped to build; to the support of which they have largely contributed.

"It is true, the State has not endorsed Woman Suffrage; — neither does it endorse the principles of the Democratic Party, but it acknowledges the citizenship of the members of that party and their equal right to such use of the property of the State."

From this time on, Mrs. Chace continued to ask for the use of the Legislative Hall, and after the first one or two applications, the requests were granted.

In this wonderful period of activity after she was sixty-two years old, Mrs. Chace carried on simultaneously with her Woman Suffrage effort, a work in behalf of the unfortunate classes in her native state. No woman in Rhode Island had ever held any State appointment which gave her official relation with the

State penal and educational institutions, when in about the year 1868, Mrs. Chace began her effort to obtain legislative decree that women should be placed on state boards of management of institutions in which females were confined or given shelter. In connection with Miss Phoebe Jackson, she made preliminary investigation of the condition of the prisons and the reform school; talked with the inmates, keepers, and superintendents and then made up her mind what ought to be done and, with characteristic determination, proceeded to do it. She studied the statute law and finding that the act providing for the appointment of inspectors of penal institutions did not say explicitly that they must be men, she directed her first effort to obtain the appointment of women without any special legislative action on the subject. She enlisted the co-operation of the Woman Suffrage Society in this effort, but finding that the wise and learned thought it would not do to slip women into office in this manner, all the workers in the cause decided to ask for a special law establishing a board of lady visitors to these institutions. She induced the Hon. Wm. P. Sheffield to draw up a bill which should provide, as nearly as was then deemed possible, for the appointment of women to official connection with the penal and correctional institutions in which women and children were confined. In all

this work she had the hearty assistance of a number of influential women of the reforming class, and also of the Hon. Thomas A. Doyle who for fifteen years held the office of Mayor of Providence.

The State Legislature made partial concession. A bill was passed in 1870, providing for the appointment by the Governor of a board of lady visitors who should be authorized to visit and inspect all penal and correctional institutions of which women were inmates, and this board was instructed to render an annual report to the Legislature, but beyond this privilege of making recommendations the board had no power.

Mrs. Chace personally felt rather scornful of this legislative sop but she accepted position on the powerless board and served faithfully, visiting especially the reform school which was then situated in Providence. She resigned finally when she was a little more than seventy years old, feeling that she could use her strength better in some other way. She also felt that the existence of the board satisfied the legislative conscience and delayed the passage of a law which would provide for the appointment of women to more efficient service.

Mr. Chace died late in 1870; Mrs. Chace's youngest son died four months afterwards. She was very much exhausted by these experiences, and in 1872 went abroad for a year

and a half of rest and travel. But she did not entirely relinquish her special activities even during this time. She was a delegate to the World's Prison Congress which met in London in the summer of 1872. She read there a paper urging the appointment of women to the management of penal and correctional institutions, and, from all evidence now at hand, it appears that she and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe were the only women who were permitted to speak to the Congress assembled as a whole body and according to Mrs. Howe's own testimony, her chance to speak was obtained largely through Mrs. Chace's instrumentality. She was also a delegate to the Peace Congress which Mrs. Howe called that summer in London.

Soon after her return to America, Mrs. Chace began her work for the establishment of a state home and school for dependent children. There had been one or two similar institutions in other states, but Mrs. Chace was certainly one of the first two or three, if not the first person, to move for the establishment of such an institution in Rhode Island. She memorialized the State Legislature in her own person, on this subject. The institution, as established, was not quite what she wanted as to its management, which was given to a board already established for other work, and too much overburdened by that work to

give proper attention to the new institution.

When she was about eighty years old, she became wholly dissatisfied with the way in which the school was conducted, and she called for an investigation. One of the Providence papers wrote that if *Mrs. Chace* said that something was wrong at the state school, that fact alone was enough to make investigation necessary. A committee was appointed. She attended its meetings; she answered inquiries, and the practical result was that the changes she demanded were made, and a new board of management was appointed.

During the last thirty years of her life, she wrote about one hundred articles for the Providence Journal, a large proportion of which were upon Woman Suffrage and I believe no article of hers was ever refused by that paper. It was often editorially scornful of such opinions as those she held, but it treated her personally and treated all direct expression and noticed action of hers with a respect which, as the seasons passed, deepened into a deference almost reverential. This feeling of reverence surrounded her age like a benign atmosphere.

She printed her Anti-Slavery Reminiscences in 1886. She sent a copy to George William Curtis, who, in reply, said that "to receive that book as a gift from her, was like having a hand of benediction laid upon his brow."

She was a house-bound invalid during the last six years of her life. She wanted to withdraw from the presidency of the Woman Suffrage Association, but they preferred to elect a vice-president who would do the active work, saying in the words of Anna Garlin Spencer, that the great name of Elizabeth Buffum Chace, so long as she lived on earth, should be inscribed on their banner as that of their leader.

Arnold Buffum

REBECCA BUFFUM SPRING

The fourth daughter of Arnold Buffum was Rebecca, born in Providence, R. I., on June 8, 1811.

She married Marcus Spring, a New York wholesale merchant, who by descent belonged in Uxbridge, Massachnsetts.

Mrs. Spring had a piquant face, which had the effect of more beauty than it quite possessed. In her character was blended a certain imperious frivolity with a fervid earnestness, which at times amounted almost to religious ecstasy. She once revealed herself in this latter mood on a steamboat when shipwreck seemed imminent. She moved about encouraging, consoling everybody, as if herself sustained by a supernatural influence which she, having received, radiated forth.

Mr. Spring was a handsome, lovable man, who had a decidedly artistic endowment. He early acquired wealth, and Mrs. Spring easily became the richly dressed, luxuriously disposed woman who was a slightly unusual figure among the serious folk, who in that half century, were trying Fourieristic experiments in social salvation. But her character

fibre was strong, and her personal ethics sufficient to the need. She said: "Let us try to fill people's minds with pleasant memories," and declared that an invalid should answer cordially, "I thank you," when greeted with a "how do you do," but make no report of health if a cheerful one could not be made.

She became poor in her old age, laughed and said: "I am glad that I did not do my housework when I was younger. If I had I should have used up all my strength and should not have it now."

The following letter was written by Emma Willard to Mrs. Spring about two years before she married John C. Wyman. It seems to me to have some historic value as showing what were the thoughts and aspirations of high minded young women of that day. In this manner it illustrates the character of both Mrs. Spring and Emma Willard.

"Uxbridge, March 16, 1845.

"Dear Mrs. Spring, * * You have struggled with a 'dying nature and a despairing humanity' and have felt that it was good to suffer — that the crown of thorns was indeed a regal crown. It is not well always to breathe the strong mountain air — we must also walk through the valley, and I would not, if I could, refuse to suffer. * * *

"I went to church this morning and heard

Mr. Clarke preach and pray —when will men remember that God does not hear the *long* prayer? * * * I was struck with the thought of a rough, plain, truth-telling individual not long since. He said to me, 'it seems quite unnecessary to find a way to God's heart by telling him how omnipotent and important he is — this sounds to me like soft solder, or as if men tried to come it over God?' You may not appreciate these cant phrases, but I thought there was some force in the idea, and it proved to me that the man was a thinker. The entire absence of supplication in these pulpit prayers is painful to me, and I so long for the simple 'Our Father Who art in Heaven'— the prayer that, when a child ,I thought 'told everything,' seems as full of meaning now, and a thousandfold more so, than when I repeated the petitions looking the while in my mother's face and wondering at her great beauty. * * * Her beauty was strange to me, and I gazed on her face and wished that mine might grow so fair and pure. * * * I am glad to know that Margaret Fuller is with you, for I love her though from afar, and the impulse was strong within me, after reading her Woman in the Nineteenth Century, to write to her and tell her the good I had experienced. The weakest voices lend their aid in swelling a full anthem of praise; and will she give a willing ear to my hearty

thanks for her great loving kindness to me in bestowing her book upon the world. I hailed it with delight, and waited for it impatiently, and it strengthened and enlightened me, and roused me to a higher and holier effort. * * * God bless her, and I pray that we may soon again be gladdened by the falling music of her words. * * *

"Miss Converse writes me that she was made very happy by her visit at Brooklyn with you, and I am so glad — for it is dreadful to breathe the air of Mrs. B's stately mansion, and I felt myself encrusted with paste during the whole sojourn— such mock dignity, such airs and graces from the well-preserved mistress, and such exquisite condescension made me feel that pride was not quite dead, for I could not bear the foot upon my neck without wincing.

"Since my return, I have been interested in an Anti-Slavery Fair in Upton, which was very successful, and comfortably pleasant; though the unusual exertions of such occasions are very wearisome. Mr. Quincy was there, and I was glad to know him better. * * *

"My love for Mr. Spring and Eddie, a kiss for the sweet little bird, and God love and keep you, ever and ever.

EMMA WILLARD."

In 1846 Mr. and Mrs. Spring took Margaret Fuller with them to Europe. They travelled almost entirely in private carriages, for which Mr. Spring paid, so Margaret's expenses were small. They hired parlors which she and her guests were free to use. It was undoubtedly because Margaret was their companion that the Springs met many of the people they did, but their social success was by no means wholly derived from her influence. They became intimate with William and Mary Howitt, and Mrs. Spring had special enjoyment with Harriet Martineau. Long afterward, in 1876, an English clergyman, the Rev. Goodwyn Barnaby, wrote thus to Moncure Conway:

"Mrs. Spring was one of the most winning women I ever met, and I was in raptures with her." Of an evening party given by the Springs in London, he says: "I had Mrs. Spring and was I not content?" "Fox," who had to listen to Miss Fuller, Barnaby goes on to say, "was talked to death." He "would have liked a quiet hand at whist better. * * * The Springs invited me to spend a couple of years with them at Rhode Island (?), but I never dared to go."

This unappreciative Fox was the radical preacher whom fifteen years later, Moncure Conway succeeded in London. Mrs. Spring was not unappreciative. She always felt admiring affection for Margaret Fuller and said

of her: "Men fell in love with her wherever she went and wanted to marry her."

The Springs were with Margaret in Rome when she met the Marquis Ossoli accidentally as related in the biographies. Mrs. Spring thus told her part in the story:

"The first I knew of the acquaintance, I saw that a man came every morning and stood in the street opposite to our windows and Margaret would go out and walk off with him. I said, 'Margaret, bring that young man in and introduce him;' so she did."

Ossoli proposed to Margaret then. "He knew all her dresses," said Mrs. Spring, describing the nature of his attachment. Mrs. Spring thought him an attractive, childlike, unambitious young fellow. Margaret was, in the beginning, inclined to "make fun" of Ossoli's affection, but the day the party went away she said, as the carriage rolled along:

"I believe I am leaving my heart in Rome."

"Not with that young man?" exclaimed Mrs. Spring.

"Yes," answered Margaret Fuller.

The Springs returned to America. Margaret went back to Rome and married Ossoli. In December, 1849, she wrote, in evident reference to Mrs. Spring's reception of the news of the then two years old, but recently announced marriage:

"Your letter, My Dear Rebecca, was written in your noblest and most womanly spirit."

The ship in which the Ossolis attempted to come to America was quarantined at Gibraltar because its captain had died of smallpox. This delay in the voyage gave opportunity for a fumigated letter from Margaret to reach the Springs before the date of the ship's arrival in this country. Thus made aware of the coming danger, they sent their children away, told their servants, so they might go if they chose, and themselves prepared to receive into their home the visitors who might bring contagion and death with them.

The ship was wrecked on the Jersey coast. Margaret's mother hurried to the Springs, who lived near the scene of the disaster. Thither also came Charles Sumner, whose brother had perished with Margaret Ossoli and her child.

Of that time, Mrs. Spring wrote: "Margaret's mother sat like a stone in our house. She shed no tears, * * it was pitiful. I sat down on a low seat before her, and told her stories of our life and travels together (with Margaret). Suddenly tears came into her eyes; she laid her hand on my head and said, 'You make me think of my child as alive'."

For years afterwards Mrs. Spring, when at

the seaside, habitually dreamed of Margaret Fuller.

Fredrika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, became intimate with the Springs during her stay in this country. In her book, "The Homes of the New World," she generally designates them, "the good Marcus," and "charming Rebecca."

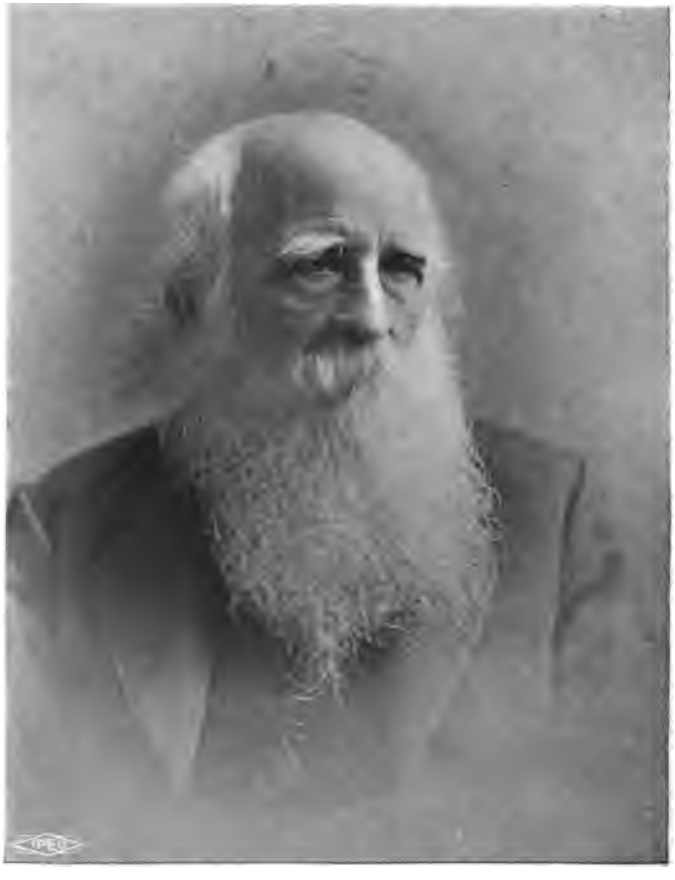
Marcus Spring and William Henry Channing were warmly attached to each other, and sympathized in the desire to establish a happy social order on earth, but Channing did not quite believe in the plan, into which the Springs went heartily, and heavily as to finances, to found a community at Eagleswood, N. J.

Under the auspices of Mr. and Mrs. Spring a community was founded there, whither men and women of note flocked as temporary visitors or permanent residents. Arnold Buffum passed his last years there. So did James G. Birney, the first Liberty Party Chief. The artists Innes and Page both lived for brief periods at Eagleswood.

The community, as such, did not long exist.

"But no," said Mrs. Spring, a little pathetically in her old age. "It was not all a mistake, what we dreamed of with William Henry Channing. That is the way people ought to live."

The community having lapsed, and the Eagleswood Park become their private prop-



THEODORE D. WELD

erty, Mr. and Mrs. Spring made noble use of their opportunity. It was a time of developing but largely undeveloped educational thought. They established Theodore D. Weld as Principal of a school at Eagleswood. This great Abolitionist, who had married "Carolina's high-souled daughter," Angelina Grimké, was an intellectual pioneer. The Eagleswood school was a wonderful institution. Boys and girls, colored and white, were equal pupils in it, and much fine young life was there stimulated to the throbbing effort of the years of war that were soon to come.

In this decade Mrs. Spring made at least one speech in favor of woman's rights, but she was never exactly a public worker in reform.

In 1859 she was well-known, but more because of her friends than herself. Then in a single day she resolved to do and did what will connect her name for centuries with a great historic event.

Mr. Oswald Villard in his Life of John Brown, quotes a few sentences from Mrs. Spring which sound as if on this occasion she first consulted her husband, but I am inclined to believe she really acted independently of him. I was told at the time that she did not have to consult him because he chanced to be from home on that important day.

She read in the paper that Mrs. Child had written to Governor Wise and asked permis-

sion to visit John Brown, who had just been sentenced to death in Virginia. Mrs. Spring said, "If Mrs. Child is going to Harper's Ferry, I am." She asked no governors. She took her nineteen-year old son Edward and started South, within two or three hours of the moment in which she had said she would go.

It is hard now to realize that it was a greatly heroic thing for a woman and a boy to do — simply to go from New Jersey into the northern part of Virginia to sympathize with a noble old man — but great and heroic it was for Rebecca Buffum Spring and her lad to go on that errand in the early November of 1859.

If ever a woman was equipped by nature to win permission from foemen, Mrs. Spring was that woman, and she won consent from the local magnates to enter John Brown's cell. Once, before she gained it, she became afraid that she had excited animosity that would lead to refusal. She knew that she must not arouse suspicion that she had come South with insurrectionary purpose, but she sat in the hotel at Harper's Ferry and heard people around her telling how the men of the town had killed the boy Thompson, after he was their helpless and wounded prisoner. The incident has passed into history as one of the most shameful in any annals. Mrs. Spring, hearing the details within a few days of the occurrence,

failed to contain herself. She broke out into vehement speech, denouncing the cowardly murder. To her amazement as she flamed Cassandra-like among them, her listeners became speechless, and one by one in utter silence went out of the room and left her alone.

When she and her son walked the streets they played a little comedy. They were aware that people passed or followed them, trying to hear what they said to each other. They carefully bestowed on such listeners remarks like these: "Isn't that a lovely house over there! Do look at it." They were never overheard criticizing anything.

When at last she saw the man who stands pre-eminent among human beings in willingness to die for the most despised and injured people on the globe, the woman, who had been the comrade of the most cultured persons in two continents, found herself surprised.

"I had expected," she said, "to see a rough backwoodsman sort of man. He was courtly and magnificent in his bearing."

Her son made a sketch in the great prisoner's cell. She saw John Brown's captured companions, and her heart was touched with especial tenderness for Aaron D. Stephens.

She found that she could do nothing effectual on the spot to relieve the prisoners, and she returned North, to receive John Brown's wife into her own home. Thomas Wentworth

Higginson had gone to North Elba and brought Mrs. Brown thence. The plan was for her to go to her husband, get private speech with him, and try to induce him to consent to co-operate, at least passively, in an attempt to rescue him. John Brown had already sent a message of refusal, because he depreciated any effort to save his life that might sacrifice others, and also because he had promised his jailer that he would not try to escape.

It was however, thought by his Northern friends, that his wife might persuade him to change his unselfish resolution. That wife was an extremely noble woman. She had been a perfect stepmother to his older children. She had borne him thirteen of her own. She had been his chiefest friend. She was sixteen years younger than he, and she had been little more than a child when he married her.

So far as can be judged from the recorded story, the man, who could calmly wait for the hour of his own execution, had not the nerve to meet and refuse the entreaty which he expected his wife to make. He stopped her by message that reached her in Baltimore. He would not see her till the day before that appointed for his death. Much of his correspondence with her passed through Mrs. Spring, to whom he wrote: "My dear Friend. * * May the God of my fathers bless and reward you a thousandfold."

That sentence with his name added there-

unto should be Rebecca Buffum Spring's epitaph.

To his wife on Nov. 16, the death-consecrated martyr wrote: "My dear Wife: I write you in answer to a most kind letter from Mrs. Spring. I owe her ten thousand thanks for her kindness to you, particularly and more especially, than for what she has done and is doing in a more direct way for me personally."

On Nov. 24, he wrote to Mrs. Spring: "I am always grateful for anything you do or write. You have laid me and my family under many and great obligations."

John Brown was executed on December second. Four of his men were hung on December sixteenth, but the two remaining ones, Stephens and Hazlitt were sentenced to die in March, 1860.

Mrs. Spring corresponded all that winter with the two young heroes whom their country had decided to dismiss from all earthly service. She sent them needed supplies. "Oh," she said afterward, when reading aloud one of Stephens' grateful letters. "He did not know that while we were packing that box, his dearest friend stood by it, and said, 'Mrs. Spring, I wish forty men were going to him in this box and I was one of them!' "

She wrote to Thomas Wentworth Higginson, insisting that an attempt should be made to rescue Stephens and Hazlitt. She was so

urgent that Col. Higginson once told me that her influence determined him to make the attempt. He has related the story in his "Cheerful Yesterdays." He and Montgomery of Kansas and others, went into the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, planned the method, and even got word to the condemned lads that such effort would be made, but finally Montgomery (probably wisely) decided that success was impossible, and the effort was abandoned.

I was still a child when I heard Mrs. Spring say: "I went into my parlor, and there stood a beautiful girl, who said, 'I am Jennie D. They told me to come to you. They said you would help me. I want to go to Virginia and beg for Aaron Stephens' life.' "

The girl went. Letcher, afterward a conspicuous Confederate, had then succeeded Henry A. Wise to the governorship. She got down on her knees to Letcher. "He was brutal to her," said Mrs. Spring.

Stephens' sister and Jennie D— took breakfast with the condemned boys on the last morning, Stephens was so bright he even made those women smile once.

"I could walk miles today, if they would only let me," said he, who a few days before had written to Mrs. Spring that he sometimes wished he might bear all the sorrows of the whole world, and so save it from suffering.

The good-bys were spoken, the men still cheerful. The women left them.

"But afterwards," said Mrs. Spring, "somebody went back and looked into the cell — and was sorry to have seen the sight. I suppose it must be awful for two strong young fellows to know they are to die in an hour."

Who was it that went back? Was it the sister — was it the heroic maiden? I know only that there were tears in Mrs. Spring's voice as she told me the story.

The bereaved women came North to Eagleswood. The Springs had made arrangements. The funeral services for Stephens and Hazlitt were held in their house. The bodies were buried in their ground.

Southerners withdrew their trade from Mr. Spring's firm. His partners were inclined to complain at having to suffer with him for what he and his wife had done. When told of the loss and disturbance, she merely said: "I don't care a copper."

About this time she became a grandmother, and a fond one, but she gaily declined to be called "grandmother." Her daughter's name for her was always "the Madre," and now the madre wore her gray hair in lovely puffs above her brow, and no longer liked to tell her age. But she continued to relate her John Brown experiences. She said: "It makes my head hot and my feet cold to talk of John Brown."

Mr. Spring died in 1874 — "a good man," as Dr. Bellows called him. The widow of Marcus Spring wore a white muslin gown at his funeral, and I never saw a more really beautiful face and figure than hers as, thus robed in white, she stood by his open grave. In after years she always called a California white rose the "Marcus rose."

She was over 70 when she went to California, whence she never came back to us who loved her in the East.

The Los Angeles Woman's Club celebrated Mrs. Spring's 93d birthday, and she played the part of a queen in a little farce written by her daughter, and enacted on that occasion. Her great-grandson, Loring Mackaye, had a part in the play with her.

Her daughter, Mrs. Peet wrote: "There was a pillow fight between the Queen and her page before the throne, and anything more spirited than the madre no one ever saw."

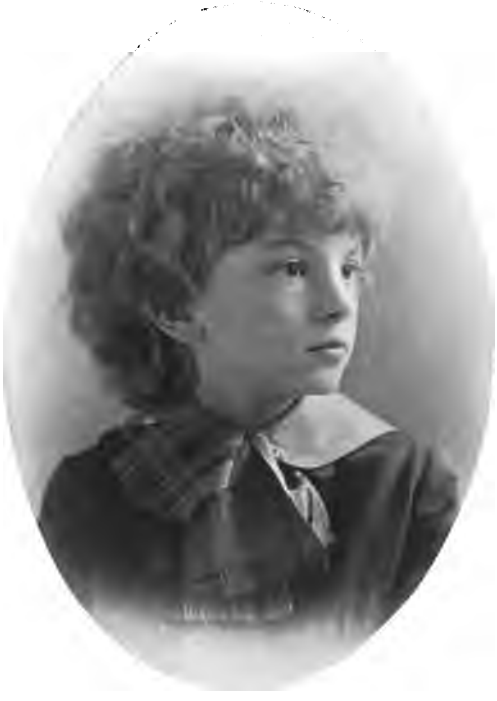
Mrs. Spring was taken ill on Christmas day, 1910, and sank steadily after that, but she said, "I am not sick, I am awfully old," then indicating herself, she added in her quaintest, prettiest way, "Jack's alive and is going to stay alive."

She lay awake till twelve o'clock one night and recited poetry. It is not probable that she suffered much, but she had always borne pain so stoically that her watchers could not always tell whether or not she was in bodily distress.

Once she moaned for several hours, and being asked if she were suffering, she answered with a touch of sweet wilfulness in her manner: "No, that's my way of singing myself to sleep."

She was exactly 99 years and 8 months old, when silence came to her clear voice.

THREE OF ARNOLD BUFFUM'S GREAT-GRANDSONS



PARKER PILLSBURY AND THE FOSTERS

It was my good fortune in early girlhood to spend a few summer weeks on a farm in Worcester County, Massachusetts, my hosts were the abolitionists, Stephen S. and Abby Kelley Foster. They were a thoroughly united pair, completely one in affection and purpose, but it is doubtful if it ever occurred to any one who knew them to speak or think of the wife as Mrs. Stephen Foster. They had come to love each other in consequence of association in a struggle of grim incident and grand significance, — a struggle which had led them to underestimate the value of many social conventions.

He was one of those unique characters who come to the front in periods of storm and stress. In an anti-slavery or woman's rights meeting, he might have been most fitly described by the lines which Lowell wrote about Theodore Parker:

"Every word that he speaks has been fierily furnaced
In the blast of a life that has struggled in earnest."

He was logical to the point of unreason. Mary Grew, one of the Philadelphia abolitionists, in later years said of him, smiling the while at some recollection, "Logic was the death of Stephen!" His style of argument was as follows: "slavery is the sum of villanies, such as theft, murder, and rapine, the Southern church supports slavery, hence Southern clergymen are guilty of all villanies; Northern clergymen extend the right hand of fellowship to Southern clergymen, thus they condone and partake of their guilt." From such general premises he would proceed with unfaltering energy to the close personal conclusion, that the Rev. Z, a Northern gentleman of the most amiable character conceivable, was guilty, before God, of theft, murder, and rapine. An argument of this sort was presented one Sunday afternoon to Theo. Brown, Harry Blake, and John C. Wyman of Worcester, to their utter discomfort and bewilderment. Blake, who loved the Rev. Mr. X., was a Transcendentalist of that New England type of character which is helpless in the clutches of its conscience and can be frightened into the conviction that anything is sinful by the mere suggestion that it may be. "Foster has proved it," lamented Blake to his lighter minded companions as they all walked away after the argument, "Foster has proved that X is a murderer and a thief, — and yet he isn't!"

Mr. Foster was, as nearly as it is possible for a man to be, free from unkind personal feeling. His attitude towards opponents was always such as once impelled him to say in a public meeting, "I love my friend Higginson, but I loathe his opinions." In his home life, as I knew him, this doughty warrior upon evil was the most lovable of men, gently lenient to girlish impertinence, and sympathetically disposed to the spirit of youth.

He was a sturdy farmer of his New England fields. "I should hate farming in the West," he once said. "I should hate to put my spade into ground where it did not hit against a rock." His features were as rugged as the rocks he loved, and his hands were hard and gnarled with toil. His gestures were ungainly, but his voice was beautiful. His eyes were blue and kind, but sometimes there was a look in them as of a man bent indeed on going his appointed way in this world, but who did not always see a light upon that way.

There was more effect in Foster than in his wife of what may be called richness of nature. She was a person in whom heart, intellect, and conscience were undisturbed by temperament, which in his case was an atmosphere which trailed its own mists and colors across the true image of his character. The study of Stephen Foster's life during the years before he married Abby Kelley, discloses one of

those obscure portions of history, the knowledge of which is necessary to a perfect comprehension of the action that nations take in critical hours. The seed that he sowed in many a New England valley, and scattered over the plains of Ohio, ripened red and rich on Southern battlefields.

Stephen Symonds Foster was the ninth in a family of thirteen children and was born in Canterbury, New Hampshire, in November, 1809. His father, Colonel Asa Foster, had been a Revolutionary soldier. His mother was a beautiful and gracious woman, and she and her husband both lived to be nearly a hundred years old. The home was a farm of several hundred acres, situated on a hillside overlooking the Merrimac. Stephen, predestined by every faculty of his being to do a reformer's work in the world, began his service on earth as a carpenter and builder. At twenty-two he entered upon a course of collegiate study to prepare himself for the ministry of the Orthodox Congregational Church. The son of a soldier, he had already adopted the principle of non-resistance, and when he was called on while in Dartmouth College to perform military duty, he resisted, was arrested and put into jail in Haverhill. He found the jail in a terribly unsanitary condition. Men were there imprisoned for debt as well as for crime. Stephen moved among these wretched

ABBY KELLEY FOSTER

creatures like a pitying angel, receiving their confidences and observing their condition, after which he published an indignant letter calling attention to the state of affairs. This protest excited so much interest that an effort was made to clean the prison, when the filth on the floors was found to be so deep and hard that men were obliged to dig it up with pick-axes. The reform in this jail led to investigation and an effective movement to improve the whole prison system of New Hampshire, as a consequence of which imprisonment for debt was soon abolished.

His college studies finished, Stephen entered, for a theological course, the Union Seminary in New York.

In 1834 Foster made the acquaintance of Parker Pillsbury, a dark-eyed, broad-shouldered youth, also a teacher, hoping and working to become a minister. Foster gave him lessons in ethics which made of him an abolitionist, and the hearts of the two men clave at once to each other. Pillsbury had the temperament of a Hebrew prophet, and when he spoke against the institution which his soul abhorred, it was in the language of Jeremiah, and with a voice whose rich melancholy tones could never be forgotten by the ears that heard them.

It was not until 1839 that Foster entirely relinquished his purpose to become a minister. By that time his experience in anti-slavery

work had shown the utter impossibility of any such service for him. For some years he pursued the ordinary life of the peregrinating anti-slavery apostle of his day, going from town to town, almost begging people to come to hear his message. In few places could he get an adequate hearing. The church dignitaries forbade him the use of their meeting-houses, and if he obtained places in which to speak, they forbade the people to go to hear his gospel. The town of Stratham furnished a couple of amusing incidents to the history of this tragi-comic warfare between a reformer and the nation which he sought to reform. Once he and Pillsbury found there a meeting-house opened and warmed for them at the hour for which they had requested it, but not a soul came to sit on its benches and listen to their words. Foster made a second visit in the next springtime to the town, and a dozen persons gathered in the hall, and he began his address. Suddenly, when he was in the middle of a sentence, every one of his hearers arose, probably at some prearranged signal, and walked solemnly and quietly out of the room, leaving him with mouth open, and arms in the air, his gesture half made, and his spirit perhaps more disconcerted than at any other moment of his life.

In the summer of 1841, a three-days' convention was held on Nantucket Island, and

there Frederick Douglass, then a young and unknown fugitive slave, made a great speech, which was a revelation alike to the abolitionists and to himself of his capacities. Parker Pillsbury came away from this convention much excited but also much dissatisfied with all past achievements. He wrote to Foster: "After all, I must come to New Hampshire, brother Stephen. The rocks must echo there the coming era, and the adjacent hills must reply, as we proclaim through the state the doctrines and demands of universal brotherhood of man. We must show ourselves what we are already called, 'dangerous men.' Devise some plan, if you can, by which we may improve on the operations of the past. If we scourged the pro-slavery church and clergy last year with whips, let us this year chastise them with scorpions! To the popular prevailing denomination we are infidels indeed, and we mean to be and are willing to be scandalized as such."

A month after this letter was written, Foster answered its appeal to inaugurate new methods. On the seventeenth of September, 1841, he went in to the old North Church, the first Congregational church in Concord, New Hampshire, and just as the minister was about to begin his sermon, he stood up and in a solemn and dignified manner claimed the right in his character as a man and a Christian,

to be heard in behalf of the people who were enslaved in this country. He was seized by two keepers of the state prison who were present and was dragged out of the church.

Stephen Foster's daughter said once of her parents, "My mother found it hard to like people with whom she differed, but my father loved everybody." As a speaker, Foster was forcible and witty, and ever ready in retort. One of the stories told of him is that on one occasion a slaveholder, availing himself of the freedom of speech always granted on the anti-slavery platform, ventured upon it to argue in behalf of the "peculiar institution." Foster contradicted some assertion made by this man, who, in return, asked indignantly, "Do you think I would lie?" "Well," returned Stephen in his rich kindly voice, "I don't know as you would lie, but I do know that you will steal."

During the years of the early forties, Foster and Parker Pillsbury travelled much together on their apostolic errands. They collected money for their "cause," but let their own needs wait. After a meeting in Pembroke, N. H., the two comrades secured one bed, and also lodging and care for the horse with which they were driving across the country from meeting to meeting, but they went supperless to their own slumbers. The next morning they spent four cents for baker's biscuits, and four more for raisins, and sitting

down by the stove in the store where they had made their purchases they broke their long fast. This trip lasted eight days, and when they returned to Concord, N. H., which was Pillsbury's home, they found that although they had induced a goodly number of people to subscribe five dollars each towards liquidating an anti-slavery publishing debt, they had left as salary for their labors just thirty-seven cents. Pillsbury, who had a delicate wife, tells the story in his "Acts of the Anti-Slavery Apostles," and admits that he did not smile, though Foster may have done so, when the latter commented genially on the situation, by saying, "Well, Parker, I have no wife and you have; so this time we will not divide." Pillsbury went home to find his wife without money, and so nearly destitute of food that he broke a resolution which he had formed never to be in debt, and contracted a grocery bill for three dollars, the money to pay which came in some almost miraculous manner before night.

A typical experience occurred to Foster in May, 1842. He tried to obtain the loan of a place in Amherst in which to speak. The meeting-houses were all refused, and apparently for no reason except aversion to his subject, save in the case of the Universalist Church which was engaged for another purpose at the desired time. Foster then asked the Baptist and the two Congregational ministers of the

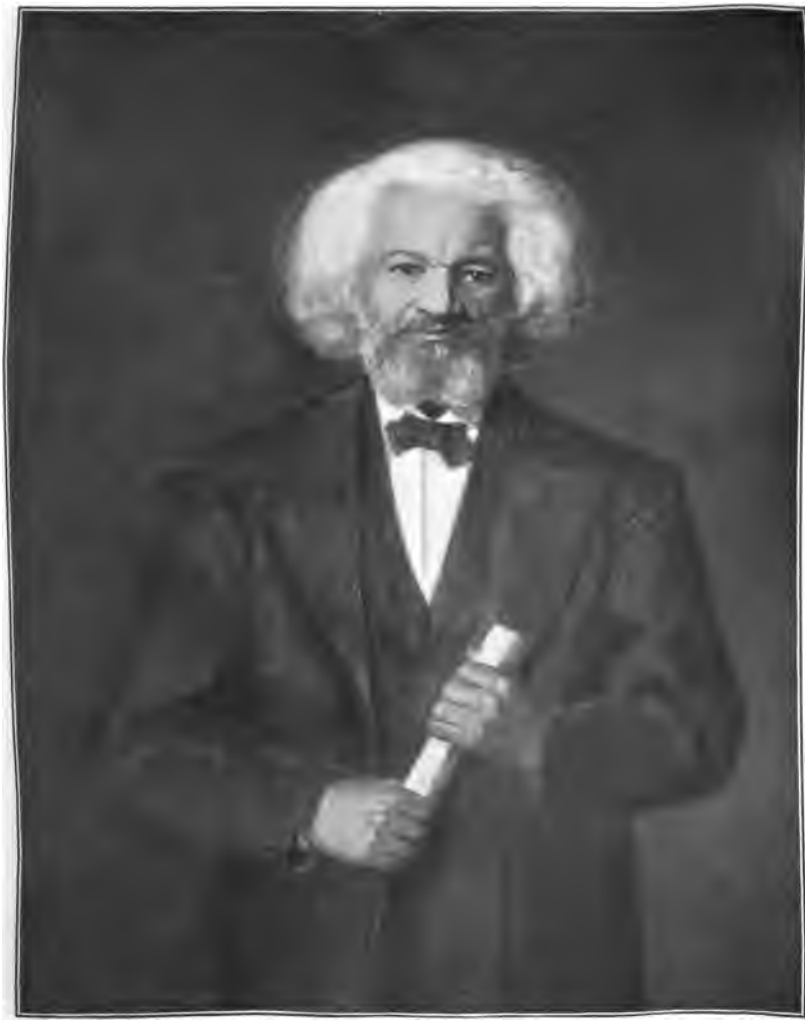
town to permit him to address their congregations at the regular meetings on the next day, which was Sunday. They all refused, but on Saturday evening he attended a meeting in the vestry of one of the Congregational churches, and spoke for twenty minutes to the audience there assembled, and received respectful attention. The next forenoon he reflected calmly upon the situation, offered "fervent prayer for divine guidance," and then wended his way to the Baptist Church. The minister, who was about to begin his sermon when Foster arose, took the alarm, and called out to him to be silent, as he wished to go on with the regular services. Foster gave no heed to this but proceeded to speak, whereupon a deacon sprang at him from behind, and as Foster would not forcibly resist force, succeeded in speedily dragging him off the platform, which he had mounted, and three or four other men lending their assistance, carried the interloper into the street. Once out in the open air, Foster asked the deacon if he was his prisoner, and was told that he was not. Being then released, the undaunted abolitionist turned immediately to go back into the church, whereupon the deacon and his associates caught him again and this time held on to him. A messenger was dispatched for the constable who was found attending service in the Universalist Church. This village dignitary came hastily to the scene,

and, aided by the deacon, dragged Foster along the road, holding him by the arms and collar. They thus conveyed him some fifteen rods, to a tavern, where they tumbled him on to the bar-room floor. Foster, on occasions like this, would never help his captors by voluntary locomotion, and so it chanced that, a little later, he was carried up two flights of stairs, and thrown into a small room, where he was left in charge of two keepers.

"Having secured me," he says, "in this temporary prison, the deacon returned to his meeting, to tender to the church the emblems of the body and blood of the Prince of Peace. During the evening one of my keepers left. The other remained through the night, and slept with his clothes on, the door locked and the lamp burning. Indeed, I was as strictly guarded as though I had been a felon, waiting only an opportunity to escape. At ten o'clock on Monday morning I was put on trial before Israel Hunt. The complaint set forth that I had entered the Baptist meeting-house 'with force and arms,' and disturbed the meeting by making a noise, by rude and indecent behavior, etc., etc. Mr. Pratt testified that I treated him ungentlemanly. On being asked what I said or did that was ungentlemanly, he could not recollect, he said, then, but he was certain, very, that I treated him 'ungentlemanly.' As I do not acknowledge allegiance to any human

power, I made no defence. I asked the witnesses some questions, and said a few words, but they were designed to influence the audience present, rather than the decision of Mr. Hunt. In that I felt no interest. Mr. Hunt's sentence was that I pay a fine of three dollars and costs of prosecution; intimating that a repetition of the offence would be followed by a much heavier penalty. I assured him I had done my duty in attempting to preach the gospel to the Baptists, and it was contrary to my sense of propriety to pay a fine for it. Mr. Hunt then ordered me to be imprisoned in Amherst jail till the fine was paid. At ten o'clock the next day this order was carried into effect, by my incarceration in this loathsome prison, where duty to God and my countrymen requires me to remain at present. Relief is kindly offered me from various sources, whenever I shall think proper to accept it. But I feel that the object is not yet accomplished that my heavenly Father had in view in sending me to this dismal abode. And till that is done, I have no wish to be relieved. To one as restless as I am, imprisonment is oppressive. I can now surely 'remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them.' "

It was not at all certain to these itinerant apostles of freedom that death at the hands of the mob might not be their final portion. Pillsbury admits that he always dreaded an



Fred'k Douglass

encounter with mob violence, though his courage invariably rose to meet it when the hour of its fury had fairly set in, but he never discerned in Foster any signs of agitation, either while the tempest of human wrath was gathering or after it had burst over their heads. Yet, in a letter Foster speaks as though he had dreaded to enter upon the path he was pursuing, not indeed from fear of bodily injury, but because he shrank from the contumely and mockery to which he must expose himself. "I was a slave," he says, "I am a slave no longer. My lips have been sealed by man. They will never again be sealed till sealed in death. My body is freely yielded to the persecutors to torture at pleasure. But my spirit must and shall be free."

One Sunday Foster attempted to speak during the forenoon meeting in the South Church of Concord, New Hampshire, and having been summarily ejected from the building, he went again in the afternoon, and began his harangue the moment he entered the body of the house. He was dragged out by some young men, who did not wait even to receive orders from the pulpit. The fellows handled their victim so roughly that he was hurt to such an extent that his companion, Pillsbury, was alarmed and had to venture into the church again to summon the doctor forth from the sanctuary. Foster was then taken to the home of a sym-

pathizing friend, and there he remained till the next afternoon, when the sheriff came to arrest him. Pillsbury and other friends, having heard of the proposed arrest, proceeded to the house to behold a scene as in a comedy, but it was a comedy with a significance which had to do with grave issues in the history of reform. Foster was found to be still very lame as an effect of the yesterday's encounters, and he was seated in an easy chair. The sheriff did not wholly relish the job he had in hand, and was as polite as possible. "Mr. Foster," he said, "I have authority here to take you before Judge Badger, to answer to a charge of disturbing public worship." Foster replied blandly, "I do not know of any business between me and my friend Badger requiring my attendance today, and must decline to answer your call."

The sheriff insisted, but very kindly, and undoubtedly with much misgiving as to the outcome of the interview with this terrible non-resistant antagonist. Foster would not, and indeed could not, easily stir to accompany the officer of the law, so at last that worthy requested some of Foster's anti-slavery friends who were in the room to help carry his desired prisoner out to the carriage. The abolitionists refused to give their aid, but Foster himself good-naturedly suggested that the minister and the young heroes of the preceding day

would be the proper helpers on this occasion. Meanwhile the townsfolk gathered in excited groups about the house. Public sympathy appears to have been with Foster, for the sheriff had difficulty in persuading any man to come to his aid. "Finally, one member of the church and a working man not of the church came in with the officer, and taking Foster gently in their hands and arms, bore him bareheaded to the door and placed him on the carriage seat. The sheriff said that it was 'a very unpleasant duty to perform.' which we well understood. A crowd followed the prisoner to the judgment hall. It was on the second story, and the stairway being narrow, it was truly a ludicrous operation for the officer and his posse to climb it with so unseemly a burden. Foster said afterwards that he felt rather serious than otherwise, till ascending the stairs, feet foremost, high above his head, and yet handled with the utmost caution, he could not help laughing outright, and did not recover his gravity again through the whole farcical trial."

The trial had the characteristic peculiarity which the prisoner was apt to impart to such occasions in his experience. He disconcerted one witness who testified that Foster had violated the regulations of the church, by asking whether it would be contrary to those regulations to come into the church and give the

alarm if the child of the witness were being kidnapped. When the bothered man had been forced to admit that he did not think that would be an unjustifiable interruption of the services, Foster drew his prompt conclusion, and asked if it would be violating the regulations of the South Church to give alarm when two millions and a half of the witness's countrymen were being kidnapped. The audience listened with delight to Foster, and the poor witness cried in despair, "These questions are asked for sport."

Pillsbury claims that there was no existing law against which Foster had really offended, but the judge was determined to convict, and he sentenced the prisoner to pay a fine of five dollars and costs. Immediately the men in court, who were listening, threw the necessary money on the table. These contributors were not professed abolitionists, and their action convinced the judge that the people of Concord were not with him in his decision, so he made a hasty moral retreat, and remitted the fine. Foster had, of course, protested against the recognition of the sentence implied by the payment of the fine, but his friends had not heeded him, and now that the court refused the money, they handed it to him, and he accepted it as a contribution to the anti-slavery cause.

The people of Lynn, Massachusetts, passed a very exciting Sunday during the year of 1842.

On the Saturday evening, Parker Pillsbury, Nathaniel P. Rogers, Stephen Foster, and Thomas Parnell Beach all found themselves in the town, and immediately began to lay plans for vigorous work to be done on the morrow. Foster went to Mr. Cook, the Congregational minister, and requested to be allowed to preach for him at some one of the Sunday services. Mr. Cook refused, and then the abolitionist asked if the use of the church might be granted for an anti-slavery meeting at any hour when it was not needed for ordinary purposes. Mr. Cook refused this request also, and added gratuitously the threat that if Foster ever came into the house to speak without invitation, he should be "taken care of." Mr. Foster replied with unruffled serenity that it was uncertain where he should speak the next day, but probably somewhere in Lynn. Meanwhile, Pillsbury and Beach visited Overseer Nathan Breed of the Friends' Society, and asked of him permission to occupy the Friends' meeting-house during a part of Sunday. When this request was refused, the two agitators told Breed that he must not be surprised if they spoke in the regular meeting. This would be a proceeding presumably in complete harmony with the principles and practices of Friends, and Breed answered to the suggestion, "You will find us a peaceable people."

The next day, June twenty-fifth, was a

lovely day, and the abolitionists sallied forth in the perfect weather, to bear their testimony upon practical righteousness. Foster, Pillsbury, and Rogers repaired to Mr. Cook's church, and as soon as the long prayer was finished, Foster, who had been standing with the rest of the congregation, instead of sitting down, began at once to speak. His manner was solemn and his voice low and serious. "Sit down," cried the indignant minister; and "Sit down, sir," he cried again; and as the deep warning voice went on, the minister thundered out, "I command you in the name of the Commonwealth to sit down." At this word the sexton and two other men seized Foster, and the application of force to his passive body and non-resistant soul resulted, this time, in his being carried out from the church, face downward, two men bearing his shoulders between them, while one comically short man held on to his ankles, as if they were the handles to a wheelbarrow. Outside the edifice they released him. He rose to his feet, looked at his captors, and remarked pleasantly, "This, then, is your Christianity, is it?" He further improved the opportunity by speaking to a number of the audience who had followed the ridiculous procession in which he had been the principal figure, till the sexton interrupted, ordering the people to go back into the church: "No breaking in upon worship, friend sexton,"

said Rogers. "Don't drive folks in, if you do drag them out." This remark broke the tension of the moment, and sexton and abolitionists, all Yankees alike, joined in a good-humored burst of laughter.

After a few minutes more of anti-slavery exhortation, the undismayed Foster walked across the common and entered the Baptist meeting-house, not many rods distant from the church whence he had just been expelled. Here he sat down and waited quietly till the services were through, then arose and began to speak as the audience was moving towards the door. Instantly he was pounced upon and hurried along the aisle, out of the door and down the steps with such violence that his clothing was torn and he was somewhat hurt. He rose from the ground on to which he had been hurled, addressed some gentle words to the multitude, and walked away to the house of William Bassett, an anti-slavery Quaker. Rogers remained, meditating upon the scene, and some young Baptists began to rail at him, telling him that he and his fellow reformers ought to be tarred and feathered and cowhided. "Ah," said Rogers, "Does your gospel run like that, my friends?"

At noon the abolitionists issued notices that they would hold a meeting that afternoon at six o'clock, in Lyceum Hall, which they had secured. Rogers, Beach, and Foster then at-

tended an afternoon meeting of the Friends' Society. Beach was a young man who had given up the Congregational ministry to work for the slave. He broke the silence of the Quaker gathering, bearing a testimony against the indifference of Friends towards the evils of slavery, war, and intemperance, till a Friend rose from one of the high seats and said, "Thy speaking is an interruption of our worship." This was a rebuke, delivered according to the manner sanctioned among Friends, when it was deemed necessary to check unwelcome or ill-considered speech in their meetings. Beach made answer that he had supposed speech to be free in Friends' meetings, and proceeded with his remarks. Another voice from the high seats requested his silence, and finally, a third elder got on his feet and asked to be heard. Beach answered him in phraseology akin to that used by his hearers, saying, "If anything is revealed to thee, I will hold my peace." But all that the elder had to say was again to request the abolitionist not to disturb the meeting by further speech, and Beach went on with his exhortation and criticism. The elders, now in despair, gave the signal for closing the meeting. As the drab-garmented folk began to pass down the aisles, William Bassett called, entreating them to stay and hear the truth. His mother rushed forward at this, and with every sign of great distress, begged

her son not to take the part of the abolitionists. "Mother," said young Bassett, tenderly but firmly, "I am about my Heavenly Father's business and cannot hear thee now." Most of the older men left the house, but the women and the young men lingered to hear Bassett, and when he had finished, Foster began to speak with unusual fervor, having been much moved by the scene between Bassett and his mother. The older men now made a rush back into the house, seized Foster and hurried him towards the door. The young men, however, interfered energetically, and secured for him at last a full and free opportunity to speak in a religious house in Lynn.

When they all finally left the Quaker meeting house, Beach took a notice of the proposed anti-slavery meeting in Lyceum Hall to the First Methodist Church, from which he was speedily cast out with a dislocated thumb. Foster went with a similar notice to the Baptist Church, whence he had been dragged only a few hours previously. Both men intended to wait till the services were through before reading their notices, but Foster, too, was grabbed and carried out as soon as he was seen in the church. The Quakers had torn off part of his coat collar in their assault upon him, and the Baptists now tore one of his sleeve cuffs. More than that, they actually shut him up for fifteen or twenty

minutes in a dark closet under the staircase, a place where the sexton kept the lamps, oil cans, and similar utensils belonging to the establishment.

In the final years of the anti-slavery conflict conditions had somewhat changed, and Mr. Foster did not consider it necessary to go uninvited into churches, there to interrupt the services with his appeals and denunciations, but at times, when he felt with especial pain the moral indifference of the nation, he would think of that old method of his, and tell his friends that he was not sure but that he should again hear the inner voice, commanding him to resume his former habit and startle the American people into listening to the truths which he had to utter. His life was always "strenuous," and it was in the thick of his contest with the churches that he wrote a notable letter to Rogers, dated at Canterbury, New Hampshire, January 15, 1842.

"I am now laid on the shelf for the present, perhaps for the winter. Possibly even for a longer period. Indeed, when I dare look on my shattered form, I sometimes think prisons will be needed for me but little longer. Within the last fifteen months four times have they opened their dismal cells for my reception. Twenty-four times have my countrymen dragged me from their temples of worship, and twice have they thrown me with great violence

LUCY STONE

from the second story of their buildings, careless of consequences. Once in a Baptist meeting house they gave me an evangelical kick in the side, which left me for weeks an invalid. Times out of memory have they broken up my meetings with violence, and hunted me with brickbats and bad eggs. Once they indicted me for assault and battery. Once, in the name of outraged law and justice, have they attempted to put me in irons. Twice have they punished me with fine for preaching the gospel; and once in a mob of two thousand people have they deliberately attempted to murder me, and were only foiled in their designs after inflicting some twenty blows on my head, face, and neck, by the heroism of a brave and noble woman. To name her in this besotted age would be to cast pearls before swine; but her name shall be known in other worlds. Still, I will not complain, though death should be found close on my track. My lot is easy compared with that of those for whom I labor. I can endure the prison, but save me from the plantation."

Mobs accompanied the abolitionists to the end. Lucy Stone came later than many into the field of labor, but Parker Pillsbury once saw her hit on the head by a large prayer book hurled across the hall, and she gives an account of Foster's facing with her a furious mob on Cape Cod. It was not till twenty years

after the above letter was written that slavery was abolished. Those years in the life of Stephen Foster can best be studied in his connection of love and labor with the woman whom he married. No permanent record has been made of much of the work done by this husband and wife. They travelled and toiled in obscure districts, and only occasionally do their struggling figures come clearly into the view of the student of the times, but always when thus glimpsed they are seen to be indeed strange, almost grotesque, but Hebraically impressive and worthy of utmost reverence.

"Washington, D. C., Feb. 21, 1899.

My Dear Mrs. Wyman:—

I knew Stephen Foster and his wife very well. I remember meeting her at the church the Sunday before I took my departure for Washington to take my seat in the House of Representatives at the beginning of my public life, and her sincere benediction, as she took my hand; 'I wish you all holy success.' She was absolutely veracious and sincere, with the spirit of a Hebrew prophetess.

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE F. HOAR"

SOJOURNER TRUTH

Sojourner Truth was the name assumed late in life by one Isabella, a negro woman, born a slave in New York State. Her mother's parents were brought from Africa. Her father was the child of a negro and a Mohawk Indian woman. The date of Isabella's birth is not known. There is evidence to show that she was emancipated in 1817 under a law which freed all slaves in New York who had attained the age of forty years; but this evidence is not conclusive, and it is possible that she was not then forty, and did not receive her liberty until 1827.

Isabella's first owners were Dutch people named Ardenburgh; and Low Dutch was the language in which her mother, Mau-mau Bett, told her, when she was a child, that there was a God in the sky, and bade her kneel and pray to Him after she had been beaten. She also taught her to obey her master and not to lie nor steal. Poor Mau-mau Bett had had many children sold away from her, and she used often to groan aloud; but if anyone asked her what was the matter, she would answer only, "Oh, a good deal ails me!" She would point at night to the stars and moon and tell Isabella

that her lost children, wherever they were in the world, could also look up and see those lights in the sky. In spite, however, of the yearning tenderness with which the mother mourned for these sons and daughters who had been torn from her, the family was so little removed from the savage condition that Isabella, in after years, did not know how many children her mother had borne and yielded to the slave market.

Isabella's recollections of slavery in New York do not testify to much humanity on the part of the masters in that state, and the rudeness of the climate added its peculiar hardship to the lot of the slave. When a child, she had to sleep in a cellar where men and women were huddled together in one room. They had a little straw to rest on, but between the loose boards of the floor they could see the mud and water on the ground beneath. Her feet were badly frozen. She was often whipped. One Sunday morning she was beaten with rods bound together by cords, and the scars produced by this punishment remained on her flesh to the end of her long life.

As the years passed, she was sold several times. For some of her owners she did housework, but for one she hoed corn and carried fish, did errands and brought roots and herbs from the woods to make beer.

Womanhood brought its natural experi-

ences. She fell in love with a boy named Robert, whose master forbade their union. The lad came surreptitiously to see her, and his master accompanied by his son, followed him. The white men seized the negro, beat him with heavy canes, and drove him home at the end of a rope, the blood streaming from his wounds, and with this sight the girlish dream of love and joy faded for Isabella.

During this period of her life, she had a sort of religion. She looked upon her master as a god, and thought he knew everything that she did, even when he was not present. Sometimes she confessed her errors to him, because she believed that he already knew them and would be more likely to pardon her if she performed the ceremony of confession. She thought he had a right to hold her as a slave; but this belief seems to have worn away in time, for, having had her freedom promised her a year before the date at which it legally must be bestowed upon her, she ran away when she found that her owner did not intend to fulfil his promise.

She believed in God and in His power to see her; but she had no idea that He could read her thoughts, and supposed it necessary to speak aloud when she prayed to Him. Her prayers were very familiar talks with God; and if she was whipped, she thought it would not have happened had she known beforehand

what her master intended, and had the chance to ask God audibly to save her from the chastisement. She would begin her prayers by saying in Low Dutch, "Our Father in heaven," and then go on telling Him all her troubles and inquiring as she related her grievances: "Do you think that's right, God?" Sometimes her petitions to God were perilously like commands. She felt that God was under much more obligation to her than she was to Him. She thought He ought to do her bidding, and she endeavored to bribe Him by promising to be very good if He would. She looked upon goodness as a remunerative service to God, not as a thing beneficial to herself or her fellow creatures.

She married a man named Thomas, and became the mother of five children. One of her sons, a little boy named Peter, was sold to a Mr. Fowler, who took him to Alabama. This was an illegal transaction, as the law forbade the sale of any slave out of New York State. The mother of Fowler's wife was a Mrs. Gedney, who lived in New York; and after Isabella herself became free, she went to her and indignantly complained of the loss of her boy. Mrs. Gedney laughed inhumanly at the distress of the negro mother, and said that Isabella had no more reason to grieve than she had, for her daughter had also gone to Alabama with Fowler.

"Yes," answered Isabella, "your child has gone there, but she is married, and my boy has gone as a slave, and he is too little to go so far from his mother."

Mrs. Gedney, unmoved by this plea, continued to scream with laughter; so Isabella left her and began to tell her story to the people she met, till the matter was actually brought before the courts, and Fowler was forced to return the little Peter. The judge gave him at once into his mother's custody, releasing him forever from slavery. His whole body was covered with ridges in the flesh and with scars. He told Isabella that the blood ran, and that when at last he got away from his tormentor, he would creep under the stoop of the house in Alabama, and there hide himself, a tiny black morsel of human misery.

After this recital, the mother cried: "O Lord, render unto them double." But when a little later, word came that Fowler had killed his wife, the daughter of the woman who had been so merry over another's anguish, Isabella's heart softened, and she said: "O, Lord, I didn't mean all that. You took me up too quick."

Isabella had a peculiar religious experience about the time she became free. She thought she met God face to face one day, and she said to Him: "O God, I didn't know as you was so big." The consciousness of God's presence

became like fire around her, and she was afraid, till she began to feel that somebody stood between her and this burning terror; and after a while she knew that this somebody loved her. At first, she thought it must be Cato, a preacher whom she knew, or Deencia or Sally, people who had been her friends. We are not told whether these persons were then living or dead, or whether she thought they had come in flesh or in the spirit to her relief. However this may be, she soon perceived that their images looked vile and black and could not be the beautiful presence that shielded her from the fires of God. She began to experiment with her inner vision, and found that when she said to the presence, "I know you, I know you," she perceived a light; but when she said, "I don't know you, I don't know you!" the light went out. At last she became aware that it was Jesus who was shielding and loving her, and the world grew bright, her troubled thoughts were banished, and her heart was filled with praise and with love for all creatures. "Lord, Lord," she cried, "I can love even de white folks."

Before this time she had not associated the name or idea of Jesus with religion. She had heard of Him, but she had supposed, she said, that He was like General Lafayette or some similar character. Now she began to wonder about Jesus, and one day she heard something

read aloud which led her to ask if Jesus were married. She was told that Jesus was God; but she could not accept that idea of his nature, because she had seen Him standing between her and God. In later years she worked out for herself the belief that Christ was in some mysterious sense the spirit that was in Adam and Eve till they sinned, when it fled to heaven and was afterwards reincarnated in Jesus. She held, moreover, that men were purely animal in their nature until united to the spirit of Christ.

Even in the darkest hours of her early religious experience she appears to have had no fear of a material hell; and as her mind developed she was afraid only of the anguish in her own heart, the consciousness of sin and of separateness from God. Her views of prayer, after the clearer spiritual vision and the deeper religious feeling came to her, still remained for some time essentially the same as when she had thought she must talk aloud to God to make Him know that she wanted Him to save her from being whipped. While she was trying to get her child back from Alabama, she would say: "Now, God, help me get my son. If you were in trouble as I am, and I could help you, as you can help me, think I wouldn't do it? Yes, God, you know I would do it. I will never give you peace till you do, God."

Isabella's husband died a few years after his

emancipation. He was older than she, and she could not earn enough to take care of him and their children too; so he passed his last days in a poorhouse.

She worked as a domestic servant in New York City, and there became associated with two men named Pierson and Matthias, who claimed, the one to have a mission like that of John the Baptist, and the other to be God himself on this earth. They had a few followers, but their efforts to propagate their notions resulted finally in scandal and the suspicion of crime. Isabella happily kept clear of all that was degrading or immoral in the little community of fanatics, but for a time she inclined to share in its religious vagaries. Her strong common sense, however, quickly asserted itself. She tried abstaining from food because Mr. Pierson fasted, and said that the practice "gave him great light in the things of God." After abstaining from food for three days, Isabella become satisfied that all the "lightness" she could obtain in that manner was lightness of body and not of mind.

After she ceased to work for Pierson and Matthias, she continued her humble labors in New York City for sometime; but a trouble came to her spirit. In some vague way her untutored intellect conceived the idea that there was essential evil in the social systems of the day, and especially in the great city where she

lived. "The rich rob the poor," she said, "and the poor rob one another." She had not taken money unless she earned it; but she grew to feel that in doing work for which she received pay she prevented some one else from doing it and obtaining money. Occurrences like the following incident disturbed her. A gentleman gave her half a dollar to hire some man to clear the snow from the sidewalk. She rose early, did the work herself and kept the money, and then was unable to convince herself that she had not defrauded some poor man who needed the job in order to provide for his family, although she knew that she also was poor and needed the money. She came to feel that it was selfish in her to seek for work when so many other people were suffering because they had no work, and a horror of the whole situation took possession of her. She felt that she had not obeyed the Golden Rule in her dealings with her fellow men; and at last her soul submitted itself to a new vision of duty, and she cried: "Lord, I will give all back that I have ever taken away. Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

The inward answer came, "Go out of the city."

She replied: "I will go — just go. Lord, whither shall I go?"

Then a voice said, "Go East."

On the first day of June, 1843, she fled from

the city, taking the rising sun for her guide. She carried a few clothes rolled up in a pillow-case, a basket of food, and in her pocket the sum of two shillings. The morning that she started she told a woman that her name was no longer Isabella, but Sojourner. A Quaker lady whom she met early on her pilgrimage, inquired what was her second name and Sojourner was obliged to admit that she had not thought of the necessity of a new surname. She had been called by the name of her last master in slavery. She seems to have supposed that God had called her Sojourner and whereas she had been pleased with the title, she, now felt very dissatisfied, because it did not prove sufficient for the requirements of earthly customs. She plodded on her road, praying: "Oh, God, give me a name with a handle to it!" At last she thought that Truth was God's name, and God was in deep verity her last master, so she must call herself Sojourner Truth. "Why, thank you, God," she cried joyously, "that is a very good name."

She went into New England, singing, preaching, and praying, in religious or reform meetings, or to gatherings of people assembled especially to hear her. She wrote back to her children, whom she had left in New York, without first divulging her plans to them. She kept her moral balance, and was as ready to work with her hands as to pray and preach.

She lodged where she could. Sometimes she paid for her entertainment in labor, sometimes in money given for her services, elsewhere performed; but she never allowed herself to take more than two or three shillings at any one time for any work she had done.

Her notions of God constantly clarified. Once she thought of Him as a being who got tired and who could not see by night; but at last she worked out for herself the belief that He was a spirit above all physical limitations; and then she decided that the Sabbath might be necessary for the benefit of man, but that it could not have been instituted to commemorate God's rest, because God could not have got tired in any work. As this idea indicates, she came to hold the opinion that the scriptural writers mixed their own notions up with the spiritual truths revealed to them.

Soon after her pilgrimage began she attended meetings held by the Second Adventists, and was repelled by their noisy and excited ways. She told them that "the Lord might come, move all through the camp and go away again, and they never know it." they were in such a state of unspiritual agitation. Once she exclaimed in disgust: "Here you are talking about being changed in the twinkling of an eye. If the Lord should come, He'd change you to nothing, for there is nothing to you!" The Second Advent preachers received her

opposition kindly, and after some discussion with her decided that, though she was ignorant of their doctirne, "she had learned much that man had never taught her."

She resided for a while in a community in Northampton, and was a servant in that town about the year 1850. She had hoped to find her ideal of life realized there, but after the community broke up she seems to have resigned the expectation or effort to live according to socialistic ideals, and bent some of her energy towards getting a home for her old age.

She gradually became known to the Abolitionists, and as a speaker against slavery displayed a quaint oratory, and was powerful in sudden attacks upon error or an opponent. She sang effectively; and an interesting story is told of her quieting a mob of rioters who were violently disturbing a camp meeting, one moonlight night, by going a little way outside the assembly and singing:

"It was early in the morning, — it was early in the morning,
Just at the break of day —
When he rose — when he rose — when he rose,
And went to heaven on a cloud."

She never learned to read, but Wendell Phillips wrote of her: "I once heard her describe the captain of a slave ship going up to

WENDELL PHILLIPS
About Sixty-nine Years Old

judgment, followed by his victims as they gathered from the depth of the sea, in a strain that reminded me of Clarence's dream in Shakespeare, and equalled it. The anecdotes of her ready wit and quick, striking replies are numberless. But the whole together give little idea of the rich, quaint, poetic, and often profound speech of a most remarkable person, who used to say to us: 'You read books; God Himself talks to me.'"

Mr. Phillips spoke to Mrs. Stowe of the power possessed by the French actress Rachel, to overwhelm with emotion a whole audience by uttering a few simple words, and said that the only other person who could do it as she could was Sojourner Truth.

On one occasion Frederick Douglass was addressing an audience in Salem and drawing a very gloomy picture of the condition of the country, declaring that slavery could only go down in blood, and that church and state were too deeply steeped in sin to escape. Probably something pessimistic in his tone or words stirred her religious nature, for suddenly Sojourner rose in the back of the hall and startled speaker and audience by crying out these words: "Frederick, is God dead?"

"We were all," wrote Mr. Douglass of the scene, "for a moment brought to a standstill;

just as we should have been if some one had thrown a brick through the window."

Her religious faith was unfaltering, for she believed, as she once said to a friend, "I tell you, dear lamb, dat when a thing is done inde right spirit, God takes it up and spreads it all over the country."

The veteran Abolitionist, Parker Pillsbury, in a letter to the writer, describes a scene in an anti-slavery convention held about the year 1855, in Ashtabula County, Ohio. The audience was mostly in sympathy with the Abolitionists, Joshua R. Giddings and his family being present at the meetings. On Sunday afternoon Mr. Pillsbury made a speech denouncing "the church and clergy of the country as accomplices in the guilt of slave breeding and slave holding." A young law student arose to defend both church and clergy. He said that the negroes were fit only to be slaves, and if any of them showed intelligence it was because they had some white blood, for, as a race, they were but the connecting link between man and animals. While he spoke a violent thunderstorm came up.

"The house," writes Mr. Pillsbury, "was almost as dark as night, except when illumined by flashes of lightning. Quite ingeniously the young man spoke of the thunder and lightning as the voice of God and flash of His eye in

indignation at our holding such meetings and preaching such doctrines, especially on the holy Sabbath day; and he said he was 'almost afraid' to be there."

All the time that he spoke, Sojourner Truth sat and looked at him; and when he ended she came forward to answer him. "She seemed," says Mr. Pillsbury, "almost to come up out of the deep darkness or out of the ground. There she stood before us as a vision. Her tall, erect form, dressed in dark green, a white handkerchief crossed over her breast, a white turban on her head, with white teeth and still whiter eyes, she stood, a spectacle weird, fearful as an avenger — doubtless to the young man more dreadful than the thunderstorm, the clouds of which had not yet cleared away. She spoke but a few minutes. To report her would have been impossible. As well attempt to report the seven apocalyptic thunders. I have heard many voices of men and women, in a vast variety of circumstances, on land and sea, but never a voice like hers then and there. She spoke not loud, nor in rage. She was singularly calm, subdued, and serene. In her peculiar dialect and tone she began:

" 'When I was a slave away down there in New York, and there was any particularly bad work to be done, some colored woman was sure to be called on to do it. And when I heard that man talking away there as he did,

almost a whole hour, I said to myself, here's one spot of work sure that's just fit for colored folks to clean up after.'

"She referred to the young lawyer's comparison of negroes to the brutes, and cried out: 'Now, I am the pure African. You can all see that plain enough.' She straightened herself up proudly and repeated: 'I am the pure African; none of your white blood runs in my veins.' And then she uttered a fierce scoff at the greedy passions of the white race, which had made it almost a marvel that any negro should be of unmixed blood. She passed on to speak of the youth's terror lest God had sent the storm in wrath at the opinions expressed at that meeting. 'He better be afraid,' she cried out contemptuously, 'if the Lord has ever heard tell of him yet.' "

Mrs. Stowe wrote an article about Sojourner, which was published in the Atlantic Monthly in 1863. She says: "I do not recollect ever to have been conversant with any one who had more of that silent and subtle power which we call personal presence than this woman. In the modern spiritualistic phraseology she would be described as having a strong sphere."

Mrs. Stowe related Sojourner's history to the sculptor, Mr. Story, in Rome. A few days afterwards he told her he wanted to make a statue to be called the Libyan Sibyl. Two years later he asked Mrs. Stowe to repeat the

account of Sojourner and describe again her manner and appearance; and in a day or two more he showed the clay model of his statue, in which he typified the mysterious African nature, of which this negro woman was such a notable impersonation.

When the civil war came, Sojourner, aged as she was, travelled all over the North, speaking for the Union and freedom. She composed a battle song for the first Michigan regiment of colored soldiers, and sang it herself in Detroit and Washington.

"We hear the proclamation, massa, hush it as you will;
The birds will sing it to us, hopping on the cotton hill;
The possum up the gum tree couldn't keep it still,
As we went climbing on."

During the war a Democrat once asked her what business she was then following. She answered; "Years ago, when I lived in de City of New York, my occupation was scouring brass door knobs; but *now* I go about scouring copperheads."

In October, 1864, she had an interview with Abraham Lincoln from whom she sought authority for work among the freedmen. He treated her with much consideration, and when she told him she had never heard of him

till he was a candidate for the presidency, he smiled and answered: "I had heard of you many times before that." He wrote in her autograph book, which she called her "Book of Life," and showed her a Bible which had been given him by the colored people of Baltimore.

A month later she was commissioned by the National Freedmen's Relief Association, and spent a year at Arlington Heights, devoting herself especially to teaching the freed women good household and personal habits.

The negroes there then held their freedom by such an insecure tenure, that Marylanders often came over and kidnapped the children; and if the bereaved mothers disturbed the peace in consequence, they were sometimes put in the guardhouse by irresponsible officials. Sojourner took up the cause of these outraged women so energetically that some angry Marylanders threatened to get her also put into the guardhouse. She dared them to try to imprison her, saying that she "would make the United States rock like a cradle."

She visited and nursed in the Freedmen's Hospital. While she was thus engaged a law was passed giving colored people a right to ride in all the street cars. Sojourner was speedily seen on the street holding up her old black hand as a signal to a car to stop and take her on. Conductors and drivers paid no at-

tention to her. Two cars passed, and when the third came in sight, she "gave three tremendous yelps: 'I want to ride! I want to ride! I WANT TO RIDE!' "

A crowd collected, and the car was blocked. Sojourner jumped on board. A great shout arose from the men on the street. The infuriated conductor told her twice to go forward where the horses were or he would throw her out. She sat down among the passengers and told him that she did not fear him, for she knew the laws as well as he did. She rode farther than she needed to, and finally left the car and said: "Bless God! I have had a ride."

Another day a conductor kept her running a long way after a car, till the other passengers complained aloud that it was a shame. When she entered the car at last he came towards her with a threatening gesture to put her off. She said to him that if he touched her "it would cost him more than his car and horses were worth." A man in the uniform of a general interfered on her behalf, and the conductor left her alone.

Finally, a conductor, unmindful of her great age, pushed her against the door so roughly that a bone in her shoulder was displaced. She had him arrested. The Freedman's Bureau furnished her with a lawyer, and the man lost his situation. Soon after a conductor

was known to stop his car unasked and say to some colored women standing timidly upon the street: "Walk in, ladies!"

Thousands of homeless negroes were swarming in that troubled period in the vicinity of Washington. Sojourner realized that idleness was ruining both adults and children. She found places for many in the North, and the Government sent them where she directed. She advocated the establishment of industrial schools and an industrial colony in the West. She tried to get Congress to institute such an undertaking. She went through many Northern states advocating this plan in public meetings, and for a number of years continued to try to get it adopted. In these journeys she was received almost everywhere with courtesy and honor. The Abolitionists delighted to open their homes to her. In her wanderings she was often accompanied by a favorite grandson; but she was destined to live long after he died. As she grew older what people cared most to hear from her lips was the marvellous story of her own varied experiences.

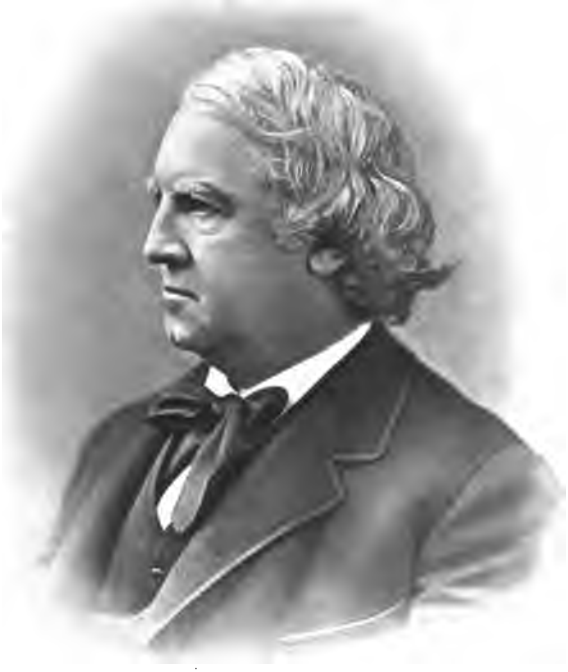
Her home in these last years was in Battle Creek, Michigan, where she owned a house. There in 1883, she died, her age being probably a little over or under a hundred years. A few days before her death, as she lay on her couch with closed eyes, a friend bent over her and said: "Sojourner, can you look at me?"

Slowly the dying woman opened her wonderful eyes. They seemed filled with spiritual and prophetic light; and earnestly they gazed upon the tender face above her. Then they closed, never to open again on earth.

JOHN CRAWFORD WYMAN

John Crawford Wyman was born in 1822 at Northboro, Massachusetts. He narrowly escaped being trained for the Baptist ministry, but so escaping, he never went to school after he was twelve. He never became a really well-read man, nor was he a profound thinker, yet, throughout his life, he faced all men with level eyes and met respectful glances. He had the gift of that fervid, impromptu oratory which is best suited for short addresses. He delivered them in a marvellous voice which possessed the quality that sets to throbbing the pulses of the listener.

He was endowed with a genuine dramatic genius. He used it only in amateur fashion. He had a curious aversion to making of his peculiar genius a marketable commodity, and while he frankly enjoyed the use of his own powers, he really underrated their possibility of development. Moreover he lacked ambition and persistency in such mental effort as was not inspired by his affections or his moral sentiments. So he flashed like a benign meteor from an intellectual nowhere, to nowhere, while the great human planets rolled in their self determined orbits.



John C. Nyman

When he was twenty-four, he married Emma, the daughter of Dr. Willard of Uxbridge. She was beautiful and had the power to win and hold ardent devotion. She influenced him greatly and nobly, though she was several years older than he and soon became a chronic invalid, whose support taxed all his young ability.

For some years he resided in Worcester, and it was in this period that, overflowing with amusement, he said one day to the Concord Sage.

"I have just met a man who says, 'there ain't no savin' grace in them words of Mr. Emerson's.' "

Whereat Mr. Emerson made slow and apparently reflective reply, "I think he is about right."

John Wyman was a member of the Town and Country Club, founded in 1849 by Mr. Emerson. Not four weeks before his own death, Col. Higginson wrote to John Wyman's widow, "I remember full well your brilliant husband and how Mr. Emerson used to delight in him and ask 'where is he?' when missing him from literary meetings.' "

Emma Wyman was a Garrisonian Abolitionist, and her husband joined that non-voting phalanx, and though for a very brief time in the early days of the Free Soil Party, and again in the Presidential campaign of 1860, he

wavered from it into the political ranks, he was all his life proud because his main anti-slavery connection had been Garrisonian. Many diverse opinions prevailed as to the legal relation of the Federal government to slavery, so that a little wavering between these opinions and consequent change in action, such as this of John Wyman's, while perhaps it implied some lack of intellectual certainty, did not in his case imply moral flexibility.

He was in the employ of Phillips and Sampson when they started the Atlantic Monthly. Edmund Quincy offered an anti-slavery article entitled Where Will It End? for publication in one of the first numbers of the magazine. The publishing and editorial authorities on the management were not all in accord as to the character which they should impose upon the new magazine. Lowell and Underwood were ready and probably eager to make it an engine for carrying the Gospel of Freedom over the whole country, but the decision did not rest entirely with them and one of their superiors in management was unalterably opposed to the publication of Quincy's article. There was however another man in authority who was then ill at home in a rural district some miles from Boston. John Wyman got the idea that this man might be influenced. He secured a buggy and in the evening of the day in which

matters had become critical upon the subject, he drove out into the country, found his man, assured him that the hour had come to issue a great anti-slavery monthly, argued, exhorted, very likely jested, and won. He returned to Boston with the order which check-mated the opposition, Quincy's article appeared, and thereby the mighty force of The Atlantic Monthly was hitched like Emerson's "wagon to a star."

John Wyman was, by this time, what Higginson pronounced "a wonderful artist" in telling a story, though that competent critic considered "his original sayings finer (even) than his recitations," and "John, I have a capital story I want to give you to work up," thus Wendell Phillips greeted him. He attended the famous Atlantic Monthly dinners, where once he heard Oliver Wendell Holmes say briskly.

"Mr. Longfellow, what do you do when people write to you for your autograph?"

"Well," answered the poet gently, "If they send stamps, I usually return autographs."

"Do you?" in his gravest manner asked Ralph Waldo Emerson, "*I* rely on stamps so acquired to pay my own postage."

John Wyman made a speech in The Wigwam at the close of the Chicago Convention which nominated Lincoln, — that meeting of which Mary A. Livermore said, "Talk of

women as too emotional to take part in politics! I never saw women behave as men did that night in the Wigwam, — jumping, hugging, and rolling over each other !"

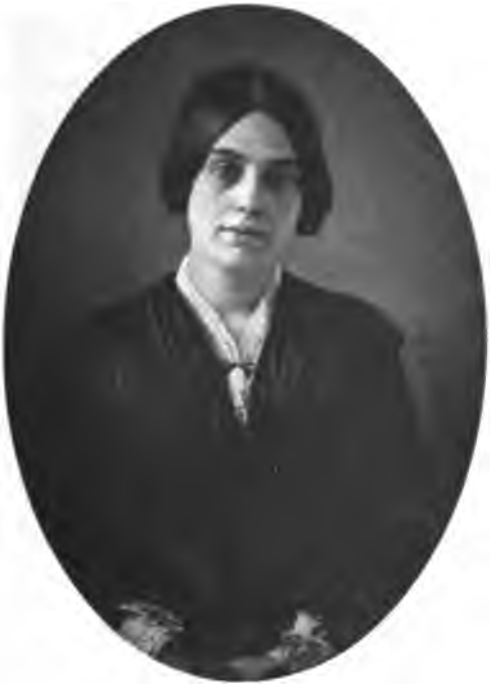
Emma Wyman died in December, 1861, and then the man who need no longer give his strength to her care, recognized his duty, "I have talked against slavery," he said, "Now I must work."

He insured his life for his mother's benefit and entered the 33rd Massachusetts Volunteers with the rank of Captain. He was almost immediately detached from his regiment and appointed provost marshal at Alexandria, Virginia, where a vast, dusky congregation went mad with joy because he assured them that in his rule, he should make no distinction between black and white. He kept his pledge, and — "You're the first officer in this town that ever took a nigger's word against a white man's," was the comment on his conduct.

It was not always easy, in those days, for the civilian soldier to grasp instantly the whole bearing of the military situation upon himself. Soon after John Wyman's arrival in Alexandria, he went to Washington. On his return, he was summoned into the presence of his commanding General who asked sternly.

"Capt. Wyman, why did you leave your post of duty without permission?"

The nature of his action revealed itself for



EMMA WILLARD WYMAN

the first time to the offender's consciousness.

"Well," he said, "I think I went because I have been a citizen for forty years, and a soldier only about a month."

His frank wit and his own charm saved him, — the General laughed.

The proclamation of martial law in Alexandria was resented by the residents and a group of young men of aristocratic families entertained themselves by making trouble for the Yankee provost marshal. An insult offered on the street to a beautiful quadroon girl made occasion for the arrest of the ringleader of the party of hot-blooded young men.

The man in jail was freely visited by his friends and, after a time, he had them announce that unless he was liberated so he could go to New York to spend Christmas with his fiancee, he would shoot the provost marshal when he did get out. After hearing of this threat, Capt. Wyman visited the jail and asked the young man if it were true that he had made such a threat. Upon the admission, Captain Wyman said quietly. "I'm sorry you said that," The defiant response came, "I *said* it and I *mean* it," but when the gentle voice continued slowly; "I'd like to let you go and spend Christmas with the girl, but, don't you see, you have made it so I can't?" the Southerner realized that there was no more cowardice in the Northern blood than in his own.

The two men became good friends and the jail door was set open as soon as Christmas was over.

During Captain Wyman's service as provost marshal, it was announced to him that the President, with attending party was to visit the town and take a horse-back ride of inspection. Capt. Wyman ordered horses got ready in number to match the expected dignitaries, and being mindful of Abraham Lincoln's inches, he included among the animals selected, a very tall though somewhat bony and ungainly steed. He had however no intention of trying to suggest a choice to the President. The horses were brought up to the Marshal's office at the proper moment. Capt. Wyman came out with the President and his suite, Lincoln gave one comprehensive glance at the saddled steeds, and walked straight to the big gaunt creature, saying, "I think this one looks as though it was meant for me."

Capt. Wyman came once again in contact with this man of enigmatical character, who has since become almost a mythical personage to common imagination. The Captain was sent to him at the White House; and was alone with him for a few minutes, then a Congressman from the far West came in, and Lincoln joked about mileage perquisites, and told a not very remarkable story of his own Congressional time as related to mileage privilege.

While, however, Lincoln and the Captain were alone together, an incident occurred, apparently trifling yet suggestive. When the business of the interview was finished, the President volunteered thus, "Would you like to know what the army is doing?" and he showed the Captain a marked map and explained to him the marks as indicating army position in field and camp. Perhaps the information thus conveyed was so slight that to impart it could have served only to gratify Lincoln's love of pleasing a visitor, but it may also be that this anecdote illustrates a phase of his character which seems intimated by Grant in his Memoirs. Grant says that when he came to take command of the army, he was warned by wise and weary men, not to let the President know his plans, "and so," says Grant, "I did not tell him."

In the second year of his service Captain Wyman was put on the staff of Gen. MacCallum, who was at the head of the Department of Transportation and Military Railroads for the Eastern Army. This work took the staff officer into some scenes of danger. The department business, however, included not merely the duty of riding at night over derailed tracks on newly captured railroads through territory still haunted by rebels, but also the innocent employment of forwarding supplies

to the army, even such as condensed milk and desiccated vegetables.

Capt. Wyman was ordered to report to Gen. Sherman at Atlanta. He appeared before the General in shabby citizen's dress, and he apologized for his clothes.

"Captain," replied the amiable Conqueror, "You may wear what you please, if you will get us all the *consecrated* milk and *desecrated* vegetables we want."

The Captain asked the happy Marcher to the Sea about his recent journey: "It was a picnic," laughed Sherman, "A perfect picnic all the way."

After Lee's army disbanded, Capt. Wyman met a rebel lad stranded in Richmond, and he bought the boy a mule and gave him twenty-five dollars in cash so he could go home and earn an honest living. But the close of the Civil War left the Northern soldier also practically penniless.

He served for a season as clerk of a Congressional Committee. That winter, a dramatic scene occurred in the Senate Chamber, where somebody declared that, in a previous session, Charles Sumner had voted to re-admit to the Union a State which disfranchised colored men.

"I did not," protested Sumner, and his assertion was met by retorts equivalent to a storm

of "You dids." At last he called for the reading of the Record. The book was opened, there was Sumner's name with NO written opposite.

The next morning, Capt. Wyman said to him on a street car, "Mr. Senator, it must have been very gratifying to you yesterday to find your statement sustained by the Record." "Mr. Wyman,' answered the stately Senator, "I had not the slightest recollection of the occasion, but *I knew* I never could have voted to admit into this Union a State which brought the word 'white' in its Constitution."

Capt. Wyman thought, "What a thing to have a character so sure of itself, that a man without memory of the event, would dare call for the reading of the record before a Senate Chamber full of his peers, ready to scoff at him, if its testimony disproved his word."

John Wyman himself had a character full of surprise places. One day, in New York, he either lost or was robbed of three hundred dollars which chanced just then to be his "little all," and he was out of employment.

A fit of rage seized him. He walked up one of the city avenues feeling as though he were pushing his way towards nothing through a thick, black cloud. A beggar accosted him with a whining petition. He ought to have been moved either to Christian compassion or scientific study of social conditions. He was

not so moved. He strode on in sullen silence, and the beggar kept at his side reiterating his complaining demands, till at last the exasperated mendicant cried out, "Damn you, I hope you will be as poor as I am, some day." Capt. Wyman flashed back unholy retort, "Damn you, I am as poor as you are, *now*."

The astonished beggar departed as though he had been shot into distance and the other poverty-stricken man strolled on, so delighted with the incident and his own speech that life's enveloping cloud seemed now only a rose-hued mist through which the Future beckoned to new gayety.

His dominant mood was well suggested when he once indignantly asked a tradesman why he had cheated him, "Well," answered the fellow confidently, "I didn't think you were the kind of man who would trouble me."

Jay Gould took a fancy to him, drew him aside one day and offered his assistance in "the market." Capt. Wyman did not approve of Jay Gould, and declined the offer. "Why," said the financier, "I could make a million dollars for you if I chose."

"Yes," replied Capt. Wyman, "and then I should be at your mercy; you could take it away when you chose. If I stay poor, you can't do anything to me, and I am your equal."

For five or six years after 1867, he revelled

in the joy of earning a sufficient income. If he bought a thousand dollar horse because he wanted one, he gave, because he wanted to, a thousand dollars to a person who had been Emma Wyman's friend. He gave his mother a regular allowance, and also a house which she willed back to him. This house, which he had first given, was the only property he ever inherited. Throughout his whole career, like a true knight of the Round Table, he "forbore his own advantage," and once he threw a fortune, which he might honorably have secured for himself, into the hands of those who were not even akin to him.

He informally adopted, as though it were a near kinsman's, the family of the distinguished engineer, Alexander Holley; and during these years, what he probably loved best in the world, was a child, by whose crib he sat each evening for a playful half hour. One day he entered the study of the pastor of Plymouth Church.

"The most awful thing has happened," he said, "little Alice Holley has died."

Then he and Henry Ward Beecher sat down and cried together.

In the spring of 1872, I, being twenty-four years of age, cherished an appropriately girlish ideal. I sat with my mother on the deck of the steamer Cuba. A gray haired man was passing. He was of medium height,

stout, ruddy-complexioned and furnished with a double chin. He resembled a portrait I had seen of George Fox. My mother stopped him, asking, "Is thee the John Wyman whose name I used to see in the Liberator reports of anti-slavery fairs?" "I should say I was," he answered with cordial energy, and then without further prefacing word, continued, "I believe Emma Willard was a born Abolitionist. Once I went to Uxbridge on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, and I found a colored man at Dr. Willard's. He was an agent for something, but having done his errand, he did not go away. The old doctor grew troubled and got me aside to tell me that Emma said if that man stayed until the dinner hour, she should ask him to come to the table, and he wanted to know how I was going to feel about it. I said that I thought any table where Emma Willard sat was good enough for me or anybody else to sit at."

He seated himself on the deck floor beside our party, the same day that he told the above story of Emma Willard, and spoke of an hour in their married home saying, "Ralph Waldo Emerson, Theodore Parker, and Wendell Phillips were all there to dinner. I have always felt that nobody could claim that higher honor had been his as host than that, —to have had those three men together at his table."

Once or twice during this voyage, Capt.

Wyman made fun of himself, as though he had no uneasy fear that his dignity might collapse like a toy balloon if tossed on the breeze of a witticism.

One day he stood on the deck before me and thus told a story of the Nation's tragedy.

"My last military service was to go on the train which carried the body of Lincoln from Washington to Springfield. It was like attending a funeral all the time for three weeks. We saw people kneeling in the field, men dropping between the handles of their ploughs as the train went by. We stopped in all the large towns for funeral ceremonies. At every station we were met by mourning crowds and delegations, and everybody, everywhere, was crying, and I got into such a state that I kept crying myself."

So, he spoke with the ocean around us.

What did I do with my tall, slender, poetic ideal? I dropped it over the ship's railing to the mermaids. I hope they liked it as much as I had.

A few weeks before Grant's second election to the Presidency, he and Capt. Wyman were guests of George M. Pullman at Pullman's Island in the St. Lawrence River. Others in the house party were excited over the daily news about election possibilities, but the President was so unperturbed that Capt. Wyman asked Gen. Porter.

"Does this man realize that he is on trial

with the whole country acting as Court?"

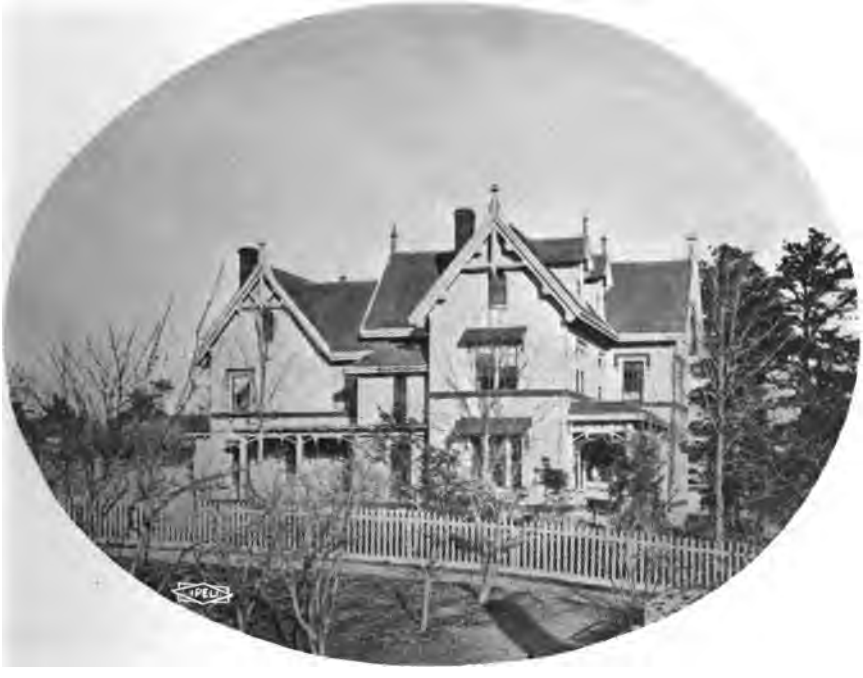
"Yes," replied Gen. Porter.

Capt. Wyman afterwards reported Grant as a devoted husband, and said, "his children tumbled all over him and treated him as though he were a foot-ball."

One day, Capt. Wyman was on the Island wharf, when the President and a lady came up in a rowboat. She sprang out, and, in so doing, upset the tiny skiff. Grant had been steering and was sitting in such a cramped position that he was whirled into the water, and the boat turned over him. He was really in danger, but Capt. Wyman got at him and pulled him out. Grant came up to the surface with his extinguished cigar held firmly in his teeth, and his rescuer informed him that he had never before seen him carry an *unlighted* cigar. On the way back to the house, the dripping President said, "The papers will say I fell in because I was drunk." The papers did say so, but it was not true.

Capt. Wyman and I were married in 1878. Wm. Lloyd Garrison was one of the few wedding guests. The death of an anti-slavery friend prevented Wendell Phillips from being present. He wrote instead to me, "Mr. Wyman and I were friends."

To live with John Wyman was like living in an iridescent atmosphere, so constantly gleaming were his changeful fancies. He was the



VALLEY FALLS RESIDENCE OF JOHN C. WYMAN

most spontaneously witty person in ordinary conversation I ever knew. Mark Hanna, when with him, could match him in a duel of repartee, but his talk, was not, I think, so universally flooded with humor. Capt. Wyman used his wit only for genial beneficence, never as a weapon in real warfare. He was never sarcastic, and he had no black, melancholy drop in his temperament such as often lurks under the humorous imagination.

His were abiding constancies of the heart, yet there was an elusive element in his nature, which made him seem at times like a phantom fleeting from the mental grasp of whomever would have held him. On the other hand, he was never half-hearted or uncertain of his loves or his hatreds, — but he loved to be loved, and he felt affectionate kindliness towards most people.

Capt. Wyman was fifty-seven when his only child was born. He took his belated fatherhood seriously enough, but also a little whimsically. He said, "if the boy ever inherits property, I hope he willl consider that he holds it as a trust, and not merely for his own use," and he said also, "I am old enough to be the child's grandfather, and I wish I were. Then I could have all the fun of owning him, and his father would have the responsibility instead of my having it." He commented on the difference he discovered between his real

experience and his previous imagination of it, saying, "I always felt sure that if ever I had a boy I should know how to train him properly, and that I could and would do it. I find that I can't, — and that in all my calculations as to the management of my child, I had omitted to reckon in one important factor. I had left out the child's mother!"

Every appeal from childhood touched him. The street newsboys ran affectionately as well as enterprisingly after him. Boys and girls in many families not his kin, called him uncle, and the family baby of his inner circle, when he was more funny than usual, said serenely, "Uncle John, I didn't know you *was* such a fool," and met gracious response. He had passed his sixty-seventh year, and had just returned from a fatiguing journey when he received a queerly-spelt letter from a six year old infant. "Uncle John, will you come and get me and take me to Wianno? Will you telegraph first, so I can have time to pack my bag?"

The veteran did not hesitate. He hated a dusty summer drive but he mounted the next stage for the distant railroad station. He travelled a hundred miles in August weather to deposit a black-eyed boy where that imp of mischief wished to be deposited.

Capt. Wyman read aloud with marvellous effect of beauty. Like The Lost Chord is now

to memory his recitation, in a twilight hour among the White Hills, of Emerson's poem beginning:

"Fixed on the enormous galaxy
Older and more steadfast seemed his eye."

And never again will the story of Browning's Pompilia thrill to mortal ears, as I once heard it, borne upon the cadence of John Wyman's voice. In his young time, Lowell had urged him to become an actor, and later, Joseph Jefferson said, "that had he gone on the stage the rest of us would have had to walk behind." To me, once, Ellen Terry said, "I love your husband's genius."

Capt. Wyman met Irving in London in the first part of the 1880 decade, and Irving then introduced him to Ellen Terry. One or two years later I was with him in a Providence theatre where Irving, not then Sir Henry, was playing Louis the Eleventh. He recognized the Captain in the audience and sent for him to come behind the scenes. The two men meet-after that as frequently as circumstances permitted, in this country and in England, Sir Henry paid to his friend attention, which I cannot forbear noting in some detail, because it showed a quality of tender consideration as from a younger to an elder, as well as the inevitable liking of one agreeable man of genius for another. Sir Henry said in an anxious tone,

"You will not try to ride a bicycle, will you?"

He showered theatre seats and boxes upon him. He invited him to suppers, provided a midnight carriage, and went with him to its door to see that he got safely into it; he sent a farewell telegram, and filled the Captain's sick room with flowers.

Once Capt. Wyman heard him discussing with a play-writer a proposed plot. The main subject was the struggle between labor and capital but the author had represented a would-be seducer on the capitalist side of the action. "Why do you bring in such a theme?" said Sir Henry, "It is not needed. It is very unpleasant. Leave it out."

Of Ellen Terry, who was then Mrs. Wardell, Sir Henry said to me, as we sat opposite her and Capt. Wyman at Sir Henry's own dining table, "I never saw such a mother. She is one of God's creatures."

In that same hour, he said, "A long time ago a young man came to England and played Hamlet. I took the part of Laertes, and did not see quite the whole of his representation, but, in what I saw, he gave the brooding and mysterious quality of Hamlet's character better than any one else I ever saw. It was Edwin Booth."

I described to Sir Henry the way Modjeska, as Lady Macbeth, wailed out the words, "But in them Nature's copy's not eterne," and I told him that, it seemed evident to me, that Mod-

To John C. Wyman
from his friend Henry Irving:

jeska considered that speech as a cry of despair; that she spoke and acted as though a sudden realization had come to her, that Macbeth meant to murder Banquo and Fleance, that they did not possess earthly immortality, and that she herself was powerless to check her husband's murderous impulses which were now passing far beyond her original intention, and exciting pain and horror in her mind. This interpretation agreed with Sir Henry's own conception of the comparative guilt of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, but Ellen Terry in her representation had followed Fletcher's theory and had spoken that mysterious sentence in a careless, business-like tone, as though she meant merely to suggest to Macbeth that he need not worry because natural events might remove all cause for jealousy of Banquo. Modjeska's interpretation was new to Sir Henry, and he seemed much impressed by it. "Perhaps that is the true meaning," he said, "How do we know? Modjeska is a charming actress. I wish you would tell that to Miss Terry. She would be interested to hear it."

Later in this same day, Sir Henry sat alone with Capt. Wyman. It was near the end of the latter's life.

"You have always been very kind to me," said Capt. Wyman. "I don't see why."

Sir Henry laid his hand on his companion's knee and answered.

"You are one of the men I love."

Capt. Wyman became a resident of Rhode Island in 1882, and so remained until his death in 1900. He served a term in the Legislature, and he was Rhode Island Commissioner at the Columbian and two or three other expositions. He was in constant demand as a speaker for both gay and serious occasions. His social experience was wide in his later as in his earlier years. Lord Randolph Churchill was "Randolph" to him, and in Washington he sprang from his carriage into the street to clasp the hand of Frederick Douglass. Yet admiring men in New Orleans decorated him as "Duke of Lincoln" when he attended their Carnival festivities, and during the brief period in which it was possible to be such, he was the sympathizing friend in this country of the Russian Revolutionist, Sergius Stepniak.

This mysterious person was a man apparently about forty-five years old when he came with his wife for a brief lecturing and propagandist effort in America. He had the simple and childlike manner which pre-eminently characterizes the European man of talent. He made no secret of the fact that Stepniak was a name he had assumed. He told, either directly or by implying reference, certain things about himself, and he told, so far as I know, nothing more definite. He had become a Russian reformer in his early youth, not, he

said, because of any special virtue in himself, but in obedience to a sense of duty which had, as it were, descended upon the youth of his class and generation, — the duty to atone to the Russian peasantry for their own immunity from the hardships which those people had suffered.

He had, he said, adopted the peaceful methods of the early day of the reforming effort. He had gone about among the peasants trying to teach and help them. The Government had interfered, and the Russian political and social reformer had become the Nihilist and the Terrorist. He thoroughly disapproved of Terrorism in any country where any freedom of speech obtained. He had left Russia for reasons connected with the Revolution. He had often secretly returned, but it was fully understood that he could not go there openly.

In his exile, he had developed ability as a writer, and "it had been decided" that his best work was to live outside of Russia and try to influence opinion in Europe and America. He himself felt that he would have preferred to remain in Russia and do the more dangerous labor there, because it seemed manlier to him.

Intellectually, Stepniak was a great literary critic and a very great writer upon political themes and national characteristics. He was also a powerful delineator of personalities which he had known.

His wife was a beautiful womanly creature, with a soul full of noble ardor and lovely tenderness, and both he and she were rather singularly endowed with that indescribable quality which arouses affection, almost contemporaneously with first acquaintance.

A few years after their return to England, his dead body was found on a railroad track near London, and there were those who believed that he had not met with an accidental death.

On one charming day Capt. Wyman and I were members of a lunch party at Gov. Claflin's Mt. Vernon Street residence. That perfect hostess, Mrs. Claflin, diffused good cheer around the table. The other guests were Mrs. Margaret Deland, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, and Prof. Francis Moulton of England. Prof. Moulton discussed Shakespeare, and informed me that he had long since adopted the theory that Macbeth was far wickeder than Lady Macbeth who was, in his opinion, prompted to evil mainly by ambition for her husband rather than for herself. Capt. Wyman uttered witticisms, told stories and gave character delineations, to the great delight of everybody, but especially of Mrs. Palmer. I never saw any person who seemed more sympathetically and immediately responsive to the influence of his genuis. It was a rare scene, — the intellectual woman convulsed with happy laughter, the dramatic raconteur stimulated

by her appreciation till his whole being appeared illuminated into a sort of throbbing radiance.

After the lunch Mrs. Palmer walked with us along Beacon Street, to the dwelling of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. There we met Sergius Stepniak who unfolded to the company his plan for the formation of a Society of American Friends of Russian Freedom, and also explained "Nihilism." "Do not judge us for our resort to terrorism" said Stepniak there as he had said before at a reception at Capt. Wyman's, "you cannot understand. It is war we are waging. I do not ask you to approve, — merely, not to condemn."

The desired Society was formed, and Capt. Wyman retained his interest in it. Colonel Higginson was its president, Edwin D. Mead, Arthur Hobart, and Mrs. Howe were among its officers and Mr. Frank J. Garrison became its most active and influential member, while Stepniak passed onward to his tragic doom.

Some one on this day at Mrs. Howe's suggested that Stepniak could make his effort more acceptable to certain classes in America, if he would refrain from pledging his projected Society to espouse the cause of the Jews in Russia, — the Jewish people not being then high in American favor. Capt. Wyman, trained in the Garrisonian school of ethics, was deeply impressed by Stepniak's reply, "I can-

not help it. Whether it hurts my work or not, we must condemn the persecution of the Jews by the Russian Government."

A few weeks later, Stepniak and his wife came for some lovely hours to Capt. Wyman's house in Valley Falls. The Russian couple were very fond of children. He wanted to take Capt. Wyman's little boy with him on a visit to Mark Twain, for whom the great foreigner felt an enthusiastic admiration. This desire could not be gratified and Stepniak walked with the boy and his father in a neighboring grove, and carried the child in his arms. Finally, when the hour for departure arrived, two children were packed into the carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Stepniak, so that they might at least accompany him as far as to the railroad station.

Once when walking away from an evening meeting at Mrs. Howe's, Frank J. Garrison being also with us, Stepniak spoke of the Woman's Rights movement and expressed his conviction that woman suffrage, as such, would never be an issue in Russian politics. He said that the Russian women had kept such perfect step with the men in the effort for general liberty, that he believed they would be enfranchised as a matter of course, whenever real political freedom was given to the men. At this time, Stepniak's opinion was that the desired Russian revolution would finally be

accomplished by disaffection in the Russian army.

Of Wendell Phillips' allusion, in his Phi Beta Kappa oration, to Russian Revolutionists, Mrs. Stepniak said, "His words were the first sympathetic ones that came through from the outer world to us in Russia. It was wonderful to us that he should understand and care for us and say such things in our behalf, at that early time of our work."

The group of Stepniak's American friends to which Capt. Wyman and I belonged did not express, nor I believe, generally feel approval of Revolutionary Terrorism, even to the extent which Mr. Phillips expressed it, but they believed in Stepniak himself, and fully sympathized with the purpose of the effort to obtain a change in the Russian governmental method.

Capt. Wyman's admiration for Mrs. Howe was fervid. It pleased him to stand up in an audience to salute her appearance on the platform, and her Battle Hymn stirred every fibre in the old Abolitionist and soldier. "It sounds bigger to me each time I hear it sung than it ever did before," he said. Nevertheless, he inwardly laughed and afterwards made good-humored comment, when her tongue once stumbled on to the wrong word, and she introduced him to some one, saying that she was presenting "a very fashionable man." She

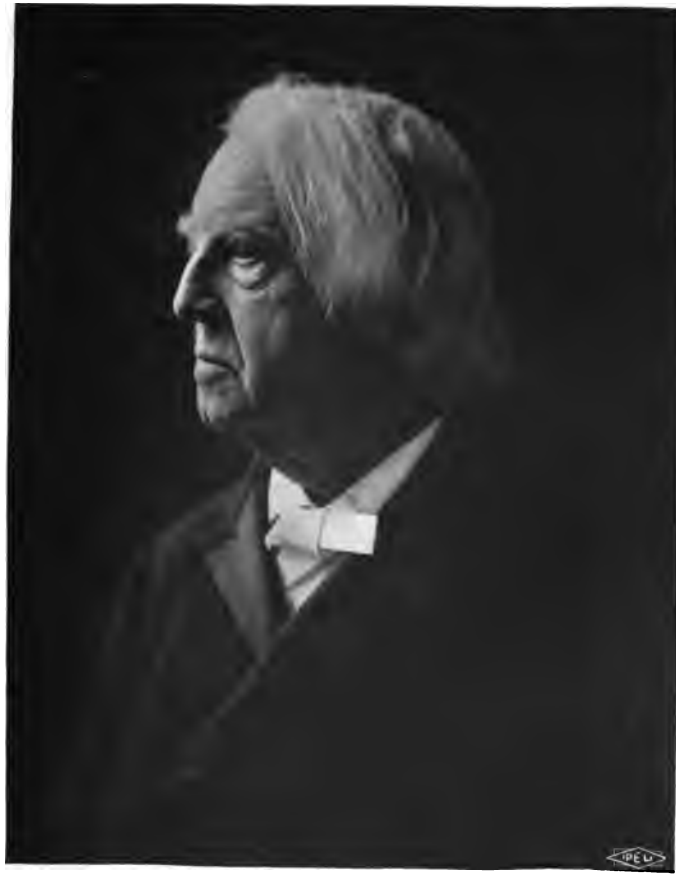
probably meant to say "popular." He thought "fashionable" a singularly inappropriate characterization of his personality.

While political parties separated and formed new combinations around him he remained a staunch Republican. He personally esteemed, yea, verily loved, some Democrats and "Mugwumps," still, to this particular old Abolitionist, the Democratic party as such was always the party of the Wrong, and the "Mugwump" was always the party of Unwisdom. Into this intellectual easy chair of opinion his sweet-natured old age settled comfortably. But to his everlasting honor be it spoken, he had not one tiny speck of snobbishness in his whole being, and he was always true to the humanitarianism he had shared with Emma Willard.

"Where can such a man go?" asked a doubter of social prerogative when speaking of a colored graduate from Harvard.

"Into my house," answered John Wyman, beside whom "Nature might stand up and say to all the world, This was a man."

We passed a summer hour once at Cotuit, Massachusetts, in company with Miss Mary Wilkins; Capt. Wyman gave some recitations and read aloud her story of Gentian. When we were to leave, the small feminine creature of genius looked earnestly up at the beautiful old man and thanked him for the pleasure



JOHN CRAWFORD WYMAN

which he had given her. The crown of his seventy winters was white upon his brow. His life was behind him. He turned upon her the indescribable tenderness of his smile and said, "Ah, my child, you are for all time, — I am only for a day."

Well, perhaps so in one sense, — but what a radiant day it was, and when the night had fallen, Frank Sanborn borrowed the old phrase, and said that John Wyman's death "had eclipsed the gayety of nations."

Then these words were written, "Your husband's death calls up—Oh, so many memories. How much he ever told you about that curious Worcester life of the '40's and '50's I do not know. But he should have told you how much he did to help my people upward and forward.

EDWARD E. HALE."

"I read with the deepest regret of your sad loss. My true sympathy is with you. I rejoice that my dear old friend passed so peacefully away. Believe me with kindest feeling, ever yours sincerely.

HENRY IRVING."

"My associations with John were so many and varied from the Worcester period onward through the Atlantic Monthly period and later, that it (his death), seems to me a great subtraction from the world. I always said that

the most charming and original compliment I ever had — deserved or undeserved — was when he said that an ideal public meeting would be to have me preside and introduce each speaker, and then have each successive speech omitted.

T. W. HIGGINSON."

"Alas, that I shall not again shake the hand, be warmed by the great heart, be charmed by the unique personality, be delighted by the good sense and wit and humor of my old friend.

MONCURE D. CONWAY."

"My thoughts go back to the time when John's name was familiar to me as a speaker at anti-slavery meetings.

FRANK J. GARRISON."

* * * *

Capt. Wyman's friendship with Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, dated back to the war time. He himself thus told the story of their meeting. "I sat one day in my office at Alexandria, and a beautiful young man came in, and said at once, 'Are you Mary Holley's John Wyman? because I am Mary Holley's Joe Twichell."

The two men took to each other immediately, though Capt. Wyman was a dozen years the older.

REV. JOSEPH H. TWICHELL, D.D.
From "Mark Twain: A Biography"

Long afterwards, Dr. Twichell went on with the story of that old time, "I saw your husband next at Atlanta; I found him there surrounded by crowds of men, all following him about, listening to him, worshipping him. I was jealous; I felt like saying to them, 'I knew this man before you did!"

At the funeral Dr. Twichell said of his friend. "He did his duty as soldier and citizen. I saw him first when he was in the prime of his radiant manhood. Nothing but good came to me from him."

APPENDIX

Whatever may have been my fancy, when I asked Mr. Phillips about it, I have, today, no criticism to make upon his friendship for Gen. Butler, or upon any regard he may have felt for him, or any belief he may have had in him.

Gen. Butler's character, apart from the impression it made on Mr. Phillips, is one, concerning which, experts have made and may well continue to make differing diagnoses; and it seems to me that Sumner's early one is likely to be very nearly correct. He said of Butler in 1853, "He is a gallant fellow. What a splendid man he would be if he had more of the *moral* in him."

Unto this "gallant fellow," who was at least a man at all times, and not a puppet, came the war experience which made of him a doer of justice to an oppressed people. From the smoke of that experience he emerged into public sight as the friend of Wendell Phillips. I, for one, am willing that all thoughtful students of character and history should see those two figures, that of Wendell Phillips and of Benjamin F. Butler, near each other as the unrolled panorama

of the twenty years after the war, occasionally discloses them to the view. I think such a student may comfort himself so far as Mr. Phillips is concerned, as Mr. Howells' country minister did, when told that the nineteen year old "Lydia" was, the only woman on the ship"Aroostook." He felt sure that, wherever "Lydia" was, she "would exert a good influence." I doubt not that Mr. Phillips exerted "a good influence" over Gen. Butler; and so far as any so-called economic heresy is concerned, which they may or may not have shared together, I hold that any person who considers it a proof of special imbecility or ignorance, to advocate any special economic theory, which is naturally suggested in a time of fluctuating thought or of new experiment, or which naturally belongs to the established order, in any given time or country, merely proves himself to be uninformed as to thought and thinkers in relation to economic and institutional development.

Still, after thus endorsing so far as I may, Mr. Phillips' friendship with Gen. Butler, I feel at liberty to add, that it is not necessary that the public should wrongly estimate his real attitude toward the General. In this respect, he has suffered at the hands even of his biographer, George L. Austin.

In the summer of 1872, Charles Sumner,

gave his approval to the nomination for President of Horace Greeley, by the Democratic party. Early in the following September, he went to Europe; the voyage was ten or eleven days long. During this time, he was nominated for governor of Massachusetts by the Democratic party of that State.

He did not learn of his nomination until he reached England, and he cabled back his refusal, but he *was* the Democratic nominee for some time, before his cable was received.

George L. Austin says in his *Life and Times of Wendell Phillips*; Page 291;

"In September, Mr. Phillips followed General Butler, in a speech at Lynn, Massachusetts, and again advocated the election of Grant." His opening remarks were in a strain of pleasant and evidently sincere compliment to Gen. Butler, and showed that the two men were working and speaking in political harmony, but the biographer, after repeating these first sentences as direct quotations from some report of Mr. Phillips' speech, continues thus, still in direct quotation from Mr. Phillips.

"I never found myself before on a Republican platform. When I came here tonight, as some of you know full well, I came to the Republican platform at a moment when the greatest, the oldest and most honored friend (Gen Butler) of my life has quitted it."

I do not know, nor does the manner of

printing make it certain, whether Austin or some reporter, whom he quoted, inserted the name of "Gen. Butler," but the literary style of the sentence shows that Mr. Phillips himself could not have uttered it, in order to tell the audience who was the friend to whom he referred; and it is difficult to see how anybody could have supposed that he meant Gen. Butler.

Butler had not quitted the Republican party, he was there on the platform beside Mr. Phillips, he was *not* Mr. Phillips' oldest friend; their acquaintance began when Butler was eighteen years old.

The one man, in the world at that hour, of whom Mr. Phillips could have spoken in such phrase, as "the greatest, the oldest and most honored friend of my life," and who had just quitted the Republican party, was Charles Sumner.

Mr. Phillips and he had certainly known each other since they were ten and eleven years old, and probably before they were that age.

Later in the speech, Mr. Phillips spoke of "the great, the honored name of the Democratic candidate for the governorship of this State", this of course was another reference to Sumner; while one of his references to Butler is thus worded; "I do not call my friend, the General, a converted Democrat, I call him a sifted Democrat."

Let honor be given where honor is due.

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